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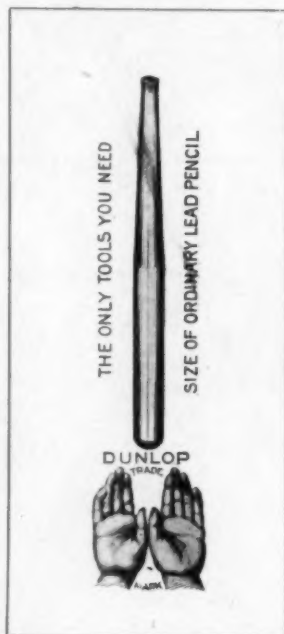
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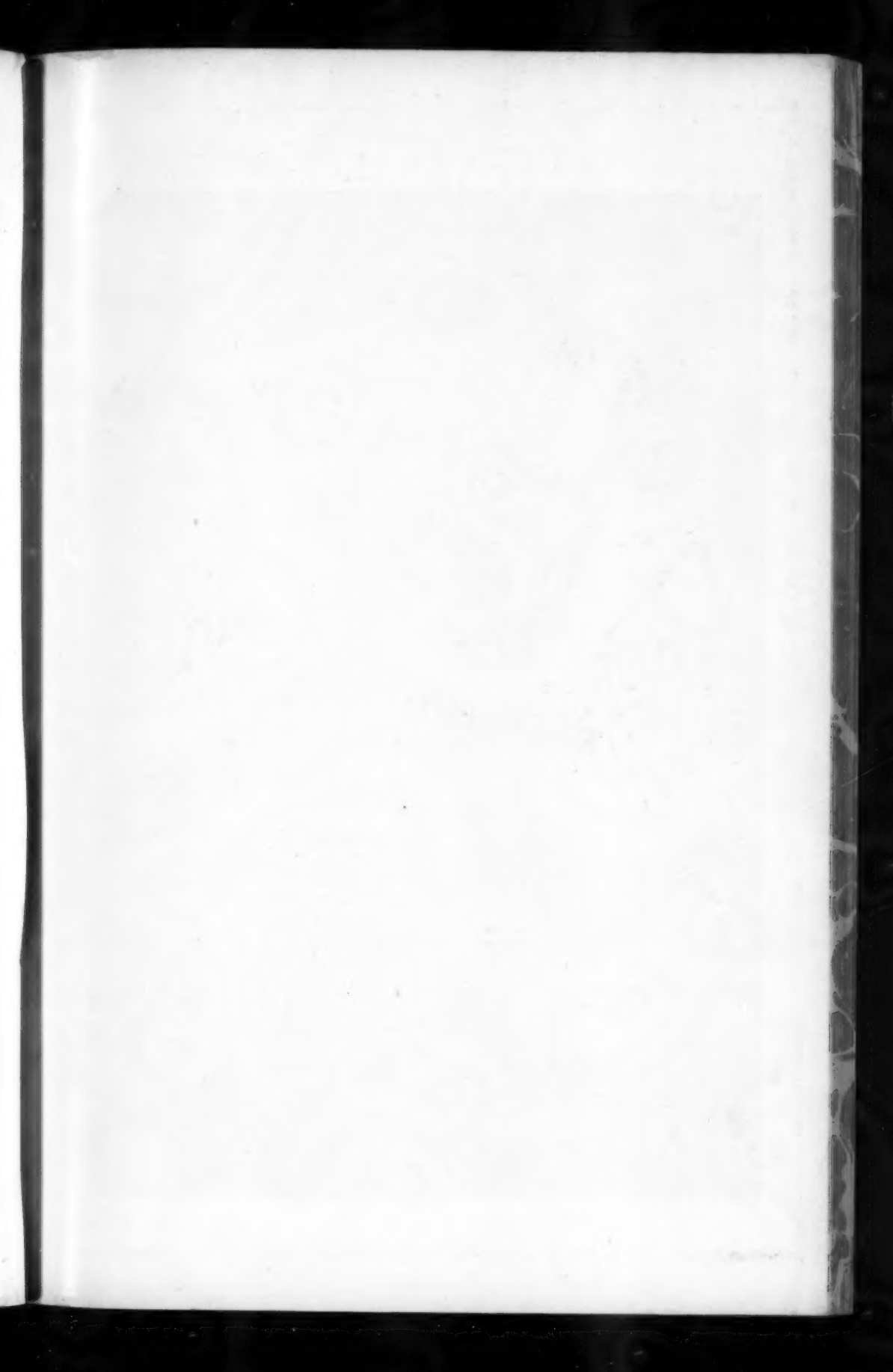
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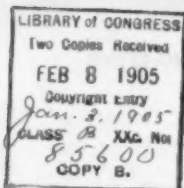
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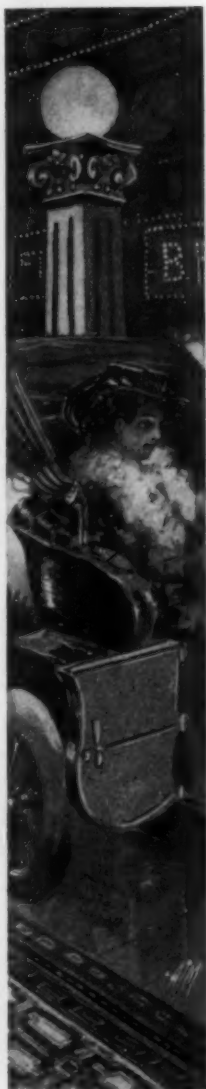
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New York's Two 1905 Shows

ANOTHER one has been added, with credit, to the list of our national motor car exhibitions and in the same crowded week of January 14-21, another year of sport and trade were brought into full being. Now, again, both are in full sway. Of course, the National Show of 1905 was greater and better than any of its predecessors, for the automobile and related industries of the United States have reached that period of growth where their own impetus carries nearly everything before them. Disappointments and failures there may be, in incidental ways, but the characteristic sign of the whole movement—of which the shows are but a convenient index—is uninterrupted progress on broad, substantial lines. This progress seems to be irresistible, and it is certainly fruitful in results.

To one whose memory of the four preceding exhibitions remains tolerably clear, this fifth annual reunion of the industry brought no sudden surprises. The location was the familiar one—as it is the only available one—of Madison Square Garden, whose space is ample only in the sense that no larger place can be had in the Metropolis of America. Notwithstanding the outward sem-



blance of rivalry due to the Importers' Show, which opened on January 11 and closed on the 24th, every nook and corner of the Garden was filled, exactly as was the case a year ago. It is altogether probable that if double this space could have been made available, it would all have been called for to secure additional display for the very same interests. In that degree has the young but tremendously vigorous home product kept pace with its opportunity and come to be the bone and sinew of the industry in America.

The long prophesied "two shows" has at last become a reality. In some form or other it was bound to come; had been anticipated, in fact, for the past two or three years—ever since Madison Square Garden has been conspicuously inadequate to the needs of the motor vehicle industry as organized to-day. In the opinion of very many people, the better solution would have been two shows, one of complete machines, American and foreign, and another of automobile parts and accessories. By this arrangement the same maximum space might have been turned over twice in succession to the interests of the whole trade, and the opportunity for making comparisons between representative cars of foreign and domestic manufacture would have been continued. This opportunity the American public has been accustomed to have at the National Show, and no doubt it was missed by very many visitors, especially from out-of-town, who usually prefer the side-by-side comparisons.

All this considered, this disposition of the growing show problem would undoubtedly have been the most satisfactory; but this was not to be. When the division finally came, it was between the imported machines and those of our home manufacture; the former making a new exhibition home of their own at




Herald Square, though not deserting entirely the older function. The show which resulted was a creditable one—especially for an initial venture—displaying the perfected automobile productions of Continental Europe. Everything was on a high-price level, with strong emphasis on quality, material, workmanship and (especially) equipment. The promoters consulted both their own interests and the convenience of the public in arranging dates which overlapped the larger show, thus saving many who desired to witness both a separate trip to New York. Holding two weeks, as against one week at Madison Square Garden, a visitor was enabled to "take in" the exhibition at Herald Square either before or after the other one closed. If a division had to come this way, it is only fair to say that the first experiment turned out well.

With a liberality scarcely equaled before, a definite place was made for automobiles and automobiling in the mid-winter program of the City of New York. More and more has the show come to take a regular place among the social functions which go to make up the calendar of metropolitan society. In attendance every afternoon or evening were people prominent in the recognized society of this and other cities. The wives and daughters of the wealthy were there in full force at nearly all times, adding to the brilliancy of the scene. With zest they entered into the spirit of the exhibition, going from one luxurious car to another, happy and interested, possibly imagining themselves the owners of first one, then another, and using same on the way to a dinner, ball or play.

But "society," though its members were not difficult to pick out of the crowd, simply shared in the attention given to the automobile. A large—and larger growing—contingent came not so






much to view or to mingle with society as to make a close inspection of the new cars. To them the slightly altered designs and the detailed improvements in the new year's product were the chief attraction. They examined and pondered each feature with care, their presence adding a touch of real democracy to the whole. It is to this class of careful, conservative buyers—largely business men of vast interests—that manufacturers must look more and more for some of their best future patronage. To them improved and cheapened local freight transportation is likely to be the main thing.

Within the bounds of the upper classes (for want of a better term), the automobile could not have had a more cosmopolitan audience. Given abundant means—of which there seems to be no lack at the present time in the leading commercial and manufacturing centers—and the day seems to have come when the entire well-to-do population considers the progress of this industry bound up closely in their own welfare. It is worth noting in passing that this winter more generally than ever before, the manufacturers and importers extensively advertised where their stands could be found, in the daily newspapers as well as in the special automobile publications. These advance bits of information, never tiresome though many times repeated, came to be almost like an informal advance directory of the shows, while it served to interest a great many people definitely in certain exhibits. This plan is worth a more universal following.

The metropolitan welcome to motorists from all over the country apparently varies little from year to year, but this time the visitor found many things in better shape for his comfort and convenience. For one thing, the number of handsome and luxurious hotels which





have been erected on Manhattan Island within the past twelve months encourages the coming to such functions as these of a much larger multitude than in years gone by. Some of the most attractive caravansaries have opened their doors for the first time this winter, principally in the district between Madison Square and Herald Square, and the bettered opportunities for dining, according to the fancy of the individual party, are not to be lost sight of. Then, too, the means of transportation in and about the city have been revolutionized since the last annual automobile show. Since that time the subway system has been completed and—more important still to road users—some of the principal streets have been given back to their original and rightful use after having been torn up most of the time since 1900.

As expected, the subway proved of special service to those motorists who did not bring their cars to New York, for by its use nearly all of Manhattan Island has been brought within less than a half hour of the show and theater district of the city. These additional conveniences not only tend to swell the total attendance at exhibitions of the first order, but they enable a great many people to be present both afternoons and evenings who might otherwise confine their observations to some one period of the day. Visitors to New York think more and more of these matters.

With the "private view" of the Importers' Salon, Tuesday evening, January 10, there was opened a two weeks' program without an equal in the past for automobile interest and enthusiasm. It was a very happy idea to secure as patrons for this affair the official representatives in the United States of the different nations whose cars were displayed—France, Germany, Italy, Belgium and England. On the opening



night some appropriate ceremonies were held, in which respect this exhibition followed the established European custom and differed conspicuously from the usual procedure at Madison Square Garden. The opening speech was made by Mr. C. R. Mabley, and was principally a reminiscence of the rapid continuous advance of the importers' business.

He was followed by the always interesting Winthrop E. Scarritt, ex-president of the Automobile Club of America, and in turn by Baron Moncheur, Ambassador of the King of Belgium; M. des Portes de la Fosse, of the French Embassy; Herr Schiller-Steinwartz, representing the German Ambassador; Baron Speck Von Sternberg, and Signor Centaro, of the Italian Embassy. A novelty was the introduction for a brief period of Mr. Robert B. Armstrong, Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, in special charge of the Customs Division, with whom all of the importers are necessarily brought much in contact. Sir Percy Sanderson, Consul-General of Great Britain in the United States, and M. Maurice Saufflot de Mangy, the French Consul-General were present, but took no formal part. Some of the officials made their addresses in English, others in their native languages, but all spoke hopefully and cordially of the intimate relations which the growth of automobiling has helped to create between the different countries.

Society was out in force on the opening night as through the whole period of the show, but there were perhaps fewer members of the American trade than expected. This was not due to indifference, but to the stress of preparation for their own larger exhibition. The advance preparations for the Importers' Salon were made with care and good taste. Nominally it was under the auspices of the New York importers of

foreign cars, of whose organization—formed for the purpose—C. R. Mabley, of Smith & Mabley, is president; E. T. Birdsall, of the Standard Automobile Co., vice-president; E. R. Hollander, of Hollander & Tangeman, treasurer, and Sidney B. Bowman, secretary.

With the pictorial and decorative features a special hit was made; in fact, at no similar exhibition in America had such high-class artists been employed. An effort was made to decorate the affair as a whole, the walls representing summer foliage and the panels depicting in panorama the exciting incidents of a road race. The outside columns were draped with American and foreign flags, while at the center were evergreens and festoons of electric lights. At one end of the hall was a reception room furnished in exquisite Japanese style, while at the other end was a palm garden filled with rare plants. A mammoth show poster, representing Lady Godiva up to date—with an automobile in place of a horse—stood out in bold colors. A stand was erected at the west side of the hall for the Royal Marine Band of Italy, while on the east side a raised platform was built for the officials and the guests of honor.

But the most attention was given to the pictorial decorations of the hall, the main feature of which was a series of panels showing, as already stated, a road race. The series extended around the skylight of the building, the sketches on the panels being by Jean Paleologue, known on both sides of the Atlantic as "Pal," the Parisian poster artist. The pictorial work at three of the Paris shows was done by "Pal," and several visits to New York have added considerably to his reputation. Adrien Gillat, a pupil of Bonnat in the school of Beaux Arts, of Paris, assisted "Pal" in his work. This feature, in connection



with the exclusive showing of foreign cars, made the hall more like a bit of Paris than of New York.

Luxury, comfort, speed and style were the characteristic features of the individual exhibits, which included representative cars and equipments of the Mercedes, F. I. A. T., Decauville, Napier, Renault, Clement-Bayard, Panhard & Levassor, Rochet-Schneider, Mors, Pipe, Argyll, de Dietrich, Delahaye, Puegot, Martini, Richard-Brasier, C. G. V., Hotchkiss, Leon Bolee and other establishments. No such complete display of transatlantic styles—twenty-five firms showing about one hundred cars—had ever before been seen in the United States. If there were any machines expected to be sold as low as \$5,000 in the hall, no indication of the fact was seen by the visitor. Here, individually and collectively, was to be found the pinnacle of luxury in automobile construction up to the present time, as well as a complete personi-

fication of foreign ideas and foreign styles. Then there were varieties of body designs surprising even to visitors who may have thought themselves already in close touch with the progress of oversea construction and equipment.

One is tempted to give more space to the Importers' Salon, but the requirements of the other and greater exhibition forbid. So far as is conspicuous to the eye, it is in the upholstery and the luxurious equipment of the foreign cars that all former years' productions have been excelled. Nor is it unusual any more for a purchaser to order the motor and chassis from one well-known builder, and have it fitted up to his own designs by another standard firm, carrying individual taste beyond the range of even the full standard styles offered to-day. Certainly this is much better than wasting time and effort on experimental and "freak" designs, which was not an uncommon thing a few years ago. Of course the extremely high-

powered European racing cars already have their American counterparts, so that novelty on that score is no more. A well-known importer of French machines who attended the Paris Salon admitted at the Importers' Show that the Americans are coming very close to the best European standards, not only in the manufacture of automobiles and their accessories, but also in the manner of displaying them.

Acknowledging some loss in variety of machines shown, due to its young but lusty rival, the Madison Square Garden Show put a big, broad face to the public, with about two hundred and twelve complete vehicles, principally (but not entirely, as some have supposed) of domestic production. The show opened as usual on Saturday evening—this year on the 14th instead of the 16th a year ago. The main object of opening Saturday night is to insure a complete readiness for the full week to come, previous experience having taught the need and wisdom of this provision. At the appointed hour the Garden was only a little livelier scene than it had been the whole afternoon. When the doors were

opened wide and the eager metropolitan audience welcomed, it was agreed that a bigger, better, more attractive display than ever before had been prepared for critical view. The four shows that had gone before were useful mainly for comparison; this one was in a class by itself, both for completeness and for the number and character of the separate displays.

In order to accommodate, so far as possible, all applicants, every foot of available space under the roof was pressed into service—the main floor, the elevated platform, the balconies, the basement, the restaurant and the concert hall. By this means every manufacturer whose application for space was received prior to October 27 was allowed space for at least one model of every car manufactured by him. But more frequently one, two or three machines had to represent double or even more of that number. The exhibits were practically in tiers, reaching from the rafters that bridged over the top-most galleries to the basement. If there was any doubt of the willingness of visitors to explore the farthestmost





ends of the great building in search for novelties, that doubt was removed as soon as the crowds had comfortably filled the main aisles, and their own momentum carried them up and along.

Electricity lighted the building to perfection, the long strings of incandescent bulbs along the roof being admirably supplemented by the hundreds of lamps of different power in the various displays. As if by premeditated arrangement, one plain sign seemed to alternate with an electric sign, giving a picturesque effect and making brilliant every bit of space in the auditorium. Some novel festoons of lights were arranged over here and there a booth. Bunting and tapestries were used freely, but never ostentatiously. The polished surfaces of the highly finished cars, the comfortable appearance of their upholstery, the bright hoods and their equipments generally, added to the interest and attractiveness of the display as a whole.

Previous exhibitions furnished all the

experience necessary to make everything run smoothly, both in respect to management and arrangements. It had not failed to be remembered, however, that during the past year the veteran manager, Frank W. Sanger, died, and Mr. James C. Young became manager in his stead. The show spaces were nicely balanced and well placed for advantageous observation, no matter when or where the visitor entered the building. While, of course, there was no unused space, if anything was actually crowded out, its absence was not conspicuous. The down-to-business attitude was reached almost at once. For one thing, the individual exhibitor needed less time than formerly to take stock of his own status among his competitors, for the day of surprises in construction is gone, and no man or firm is likely to place a line of automobiles, tires or sundries in the Garden, New York, or the Coliseum, Chicago, without knowing almost to mathematical exactness what the balance

of the industry will offer when the show is thrown open to the public to whom all must bow.

Then, too, preliminary sightseeing by the public, as known in previous years, seemed comparatively lacking. Few people come to the national automobile show any more merely to see—that is, to observe without interest. On the contrary, orders began to be booked about as soon as the doors were opened and the good, intelligent buying continued as long as the show lasted, only to be transferred after that to the branch houses in New York and other cities. Thence it continued by correspondence with the manufacturers and their agents, wherever located. Thus the importance of the National Show is felt throughout the country. New York certainly sets the national fashion in automobiling, and the reports from its show are closely watched by thousands of people unable personally to attend.

The former custom of admitting members of the trade free up to 1 P. M. was continued, and while it may have cost the management some paid admissions, it placed a premium upon forenoon attendance by tradesmen and facilitated the doing of business between agents and manufacturers before the appearance of the crowd, after whose coming nothing of that kind was ordinarily possible. The trade was largely represented by visiting agents from practically all sections of the country, a great many of them making their acquaintance of the sales agents for the first time. Of the success obtained by a manufacturer—particularly a new concern—in placing new agencies, making individual sales and gaining favorable attention generally, depends much of his prosperity during the year; while the kind and number of vehicles handled by the

agent is frequently decided at the same time and place.

By Wednesday the business side had become paramount, and so it continued until the closing hour on Saturday. From New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, and other cities came individuals or congenial parties, intent not merely on sightseeing, but with minds already made up to buy. Even California had its delegates to the show, and incidentally to the various meetings held in connection therewith. Out-of-town visitors thronged the aisles and watched the demonstrations, quickly making up their minds as to what would best suit their purpose. It was not only asked, "How fast will it go?" but also "What will it cost to buy and maintain?" People who had been waiting for "prices to drop" and the motor car to "come to perfection," seemed to realize at last that the proper time to buy had already come, and that further parleying with self over the question, "To buy or not to buy," would lose them a lot of pleasure, without any corresponding gain.

It may be remembered that Henry Norman, M. P., made a prediction last year that the great boom in the automobile and related industries would come in 1905. Even some of our foremost manufacturers thought his predictions immature, but recent events have proved him a good prophet. As the week advanced the enthusiasm of the buyers suffered no relapse. Like others who "shop" in New York, the crowd realized by degrees that morning was the best time to place an order, and before noon the aisles of the Garden were usually comfortably filled. Considering the number of people who attended during the week, it was a quiet, studious crowd. A democratic simplicity, quite typical of the way the



American people in general and metropolitan audiences in particular manage really important affairs, marked it all. Only the occasional tooting of horns or the ringing of bells was heard above the hum of demonstrations or the music of the band.

As anticipated, the thousands of daily visitors were greeted with a brilliant display of new styles, progressive designs, superior workmanship and elegant finish in greater variety than ever before. Some may possibly have concluded that because they could not see broad planes of difference between the vehicles of 1905 and those of 1904 the work of the past twelve months has been of only minor importance. To such visitors the addition of a canopy top or side entrance to the regular equipment of a touring car will undoubtedly appeal more than any minor improvement in the engine or some

other vital part possibly could. Such are likely to find more useful information from the different makers' catalogues, studied later at their homes, than at the show itself.

Of course the public have been educated to the point of expecting radical departures in design and construction from year to year; but this is now of the past, not of the present or of the future. The time has come when any new invention or improvement that adds something useful and practicable to the perfection of the motor car has accomplished a large and important result. We cannot have far-reaching developments every few days, scarcely even annual landmarks in construction. This has been displaced by steady progress leaving its mark here or there, with ultimate achievement of all reasonable ends sought for a certainty.

The side entrance tonneau has be-

come well-nigh universal, following closely the movement in that direction across the ocean in 1904. Were it possible to arrange the products of the American industry side by side and observe them from a distance, they could be distinguished from their predecessors of a year ago by no other single means so well as the new side entrances and the equipments that go with them. So far as motors, transmission gears and other mechanical devices are concerned, there have been only individual changes and adaptations. Realizing this fact, discerning customers no longer find many fine points of difference between themselves and the manufacturers, and therefore do not feel in the same hurry to exchange a model only one year old for another. In other words, people are buying to-day not only for 1905, but largely also for 1906 and 1907, or later, which means that a longer useful life has been given to the machines of to-

day than was claimed for those of even 1902 and 1903.

Practically no visible attention is paid nowadays to the discovery of new motive powers—though something is bound to be heard from that quarter sooner or later—but every reasonable effort is being made to perfect to the utmost that which is had and proven good in service. Nothing has happened to move the center of gravity of either the home or foreign industry very far in new directions during the past year. In connection with the most popular imported cars for road use, especially touring, it is noticed that additional pains have been taken to adapt them to the severer requirements of American roads. Never was the idea of quality so universally sought after and so well exemplified. Even the average automobile of 1905 is a better all-round machine than that of 1904. It is not only better looking but more durable, for the necessity of securing





staunch wearing quality has come to be the paramount consideration.

All this has been made possible by six months' continuous thought and labor by the industry, during which time such minor changes in construction as have since been brought about were resolved upon and estimates made of the necessary provisions for meeting the popular demands. Designers and builders seem to have come to an understanding as to what the motor car of the period ought to be, and the public has benefited enormously thereby. Competition, already vigorous though the trade is young, has had its full part in producing these results. Whatever the public has asked for on fair terms the manufacturers have given them in the 1905 models. This is one reason why no fear of overproduction need be entertained, for the reasonable expectations of all can be met now better than a year ago; and there will be less hesitation in the future than in the past over making a purchase of an automobile. Popular confidence of full value

received has been vastly strengthened of late.

Roominess and convenience of use have been universally sought after in the 1905 motor cars, to secure which there has been a very careful readjustment of designs from underframes to canopy tops. A longer wheel base is the mechanical foundation upon which the luxurious machines of to-day are built up. Graceful lines are secured as a matter of course and of refinement. Comfortable, luxurious equipment is the rule for the higher priced machines, and the same ends have been sought in a less pretentious way in most of the less expensive lines. Gasolene vehicles naturally continue to hold the center of the stage, far outnumbering the combined showing of the steamers and electrics, though the latter have lost none of their favor with a great many careful buyers. Steam cars remain as much as ever a distinctively American department of the automobile industry, preferred by considerable numbers of motorists. The show may not have given full evi-

dence of this fact because of the smaller number of concerns making and showing them, but steam and electricity remain an integral part of our automobile development. In the gasoline class, multiple cylinders are almost plenty enough to be called a special trend of the year. Taken all in all, it is plain that further progress has been made toward meeting the public requirements for efficient, economical and reliable vehicles of all classes.

Prices showed a wide range from the runabout listed at \$500 to \$600 up to as many thousands of dollars as the ambitious millionaire might be willing to pay for a famous importation. This range of price is evidence that the industry in the United States is prepared to take care of the wants of all, whether it be for the best possible runabout that can be built at a low figure, or for those large and expensive racing or touring cars whose construction was in former years principally a specialty of the famous European workshops. Much more attention is being paid now to convertible schemes; speaking generally, the makers are preparing to provide any design of body, including the most sumptuous "Pullman" styles, fitted with all the conveniences and luxuries for the tourist. In the future one will almost be able to make his own camp on the road if overtaken by misfortune.

The cheaper models share generously, though of course not so conspicuously, in the detail refinements that are characteristic of the 1905 family of automobiles. A considerable increase in numbers is noted in models listing at medium prices—\$650 to \$1,500—as compared with a year ago; and it is more and more to this class than the average, everyday American citizen of moderate means looks hopefully. This

class must embrace thoroughly good machines, with comfortable and convenient equipment, some show, and the service rendered must compare not unfavorably with that of the corresponding models for which more is asked. The cost of maintenance and repairs must be less; and the average of use will be somewhat longer. The production and sale of these vehicles must enormously increase within a very few years, for while purchasers for automobiles at prices above \$5,000 are apparently great in number, they are few as compared with the entire well-to-do population, even in this rich, new country. On the other hand, those who would find a machine listing at from \$600 to \$1,500 a paying investment, as well as a source of pleasure, are numbered literally by the millions. One car would be popular at \$10,000 and another at \$600—depending upon the special viewpoint of the buyer and his means. Manifestly the question of preference and the question of price do not always run parallel. The mere fact that ten times as many automobiles might be sold at \$1,000 each as at \$10,000 each does not really render the less expensive vehicle the more popular one, unless it is proved that those who buy the cheaper one would not buy the more expensive one if they could afford it.

* * *

Into the metropolitan show season are crowded each year more and more meetings and functions, both formal and informal, each concerned directly or indirectly with the sport or trade of automobiling. Practically every day and evening of the six during which the Madison Square exhibition was in process was filled with gatherings of this character. The first feature on the program was the informal banquet of the New York Motor Club,

held at the Hotel Astor on Sunday evening, January 15. About 250 members and guests were welcomed on their arrival by President Hyde. Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., was the special guest of honor on this occasion, and in the course of the festivities he was presented with the first club badge struck from the official dies, as due to the first honorary member.

On Monday afternoon the annual meeting of the American Automobile

is constituted as follows: President, Harlan W. Whipple; 1st vice-president, John Farson; 2d vice-president, Judge W. H. Hotchkiss; 3d vice-president, Dr. Milbank Johnson; secretary, C. H. Gillette; treasurer, George E. Farrington.

Directors of the A. A. A.: Elliott C. Lee; W. C. Temple; Dave H. Morris; A. R. Pardington, R. L. Lippitt, Windsor T. White and E. M. Steck. Racing Board: W. C. Temple, Chairman;



Association was held at the Hotel Seville, resulting principally in the reelection of the old officials, with the exception that W. C. Temple was made chairman of the A. A. A. Racing Board, in place of A. R. Pardington, who was unable to longer serve. The report of the Secretary showed a membership in the neighborhood of 4,000, being practically the membership of the 41 affiliated clubs. The Board of Officers for the ensuing year

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; T. M. Hilliard; George I. Scott; H. L. Bowden; William Wallace; George L. Weiss; F. C. Donald; R. L. Lippitt and E. H. R. Green. Technical advisors: E. T. Birdsall; A. L. Riker and Rollin White. Among other appointments were those of Albert R. Shattuck, ex-president of the Automobile Club of America, to the chairmanship of the Good Roads Committee; James B. Dill to the chairmanship of the Law Committee,

and Augustus Post to the chairmanship of the Touring Committee.

On Monday evening followed the annual banquet of the A. A. A. at the Waldorf-Astoria, an interesting and successful affair attended by about 200 members and invited guests, including many people prominent in club, social and trade circles East and West. Sir Thomas Dewar was a special guest of the evening. Tuesday night the annual gathering of the N. A. A. M. took place at the Waldorf-Astoria. Instead of the conventional banquet, already an overworked feature for the week, this function took the form of a "smoker," with which some first-class vaudeville entertainment was interspersed. Wednesday afternoon the annual business meeting of the N. A. A. M. was held at the Hotel Victoria, at which time the report of President Windsor T. White was read and the general status of the association freely discussed. New members of the Executive Committee were elected as follows: Charles Clifton; L. H. Kittredge; R. D. Waldron; S. T. Davis, Jr.; and H. D. Chapin. The election of president of the association was put over until the March meeting of the association.

The festivities of the week were brought formally to a close by the sixth annual banquet of the Automobile Club of America at the Waldorf-Astoria on Saturday night, at which time remarks were made by President Dave H. Morris, ex-President Winthrop E. Scarritt and others. Around the tables on this occasion were prominent and influential members of the sport and trade, except that a goodly number had left New York earlier in the week in order to be early on hand at the Ormond-Daytona beaches, where the curtain went up, so to speak, on a quite different but equally important

side of automobiling, less than forty-eight hours after the doors of the Garden closed for the fifth annual show.

* * *

One question agitated the whole automobile fraternity during these two weeks as never before—the question of future shows. The Importers' Salon, as seen now in retrospect—perhaps even more plainly than at the time being—was notable first of all for its artistic setting and the ceremonial manner in which it was introduced, the latter a decided novelty to the New York public. Probably no one expected that it would seriously compete with the exhibition in the Garden; nor did it either in respect to attendance or in the favor of buyers. Its location—superbly convenient to middle Broadway and nearby Sixth Avenue—probably helped to swell the total of attendance. There were many purchases made there, of course—scarcely any of the new cars of standard make, domestic or foreign lacked customers—but purchases were made with a close knowledge of what the greater industry had placed on view a dozen blocks away.

What of 1906 and thereafter? It seems settled at this writing that the Licensed Association will have exclusive control of the Garden next year, and this may upset all previous calculations. In the opinion of a great many people, the only thing left for the unlicensed makers is to arrange a show of their own, and the Hippodrome, now nearing completion on Sixth avenue, near 44th street, is already being talked of for that purpose. It would have the advantage, at any rate, of being nearer the center of the present automobile district in the City of New York. Making the division in this manner would place the Importers' Salon, if that is to be

continued, in a still more precarious situation, as it not generally believed that three exhibitions at the same time can be well managed, or are called for.

It is doubtful if the imported automobile will retain for very many years its past and present special place in the United States, though buyers in considerable numbers there will probably always be. The luxurious equip-

rements will safeguard this general result. Even should the foreign show become a permanent feature, will not its relative importance suffer, and the importers find themselves driven by sheer force of circumstances back into the national showroom of the industry? They will have to hustle early and late to get their share of business in the future, considering the higher prices they must always charge



ment of the higher priced foreign cars is already being closely equaled at a lower price in the best of our home productions; and even if the importations do not drop off somewhat from year to year, the multiplication of the home industry will give it an overwhelming preponderance in the near future, even if such is not admittedly the case now in some quarters. A corresponding advance in other di-

rections will safeguard this general result. Whether or not this be so, the growth of automobiling in America will cause Madison Square Garden, even if confined to the makers of complete machines, to be inadequate for all purposes, and a supplementary exhibition of parts and accessories will probably come into being because of the fundamental necessity for it. That is, of course, providing that the American trade does

not become a house divided against itself over the Selden patent, and the end of it all no man can foresee.

Settling Down to Work

When a well designed and constructed car has been run for some time by its owner, and the question is asked, "How does it go?" the reply is, "Better than when I first got it." This is only to be expected. In the natural order of things, the thorough running in of the bearings, gears and axles cannot be properly expected until a fair amount of road work has been completed, although in most cases these parts receive a considerable working in during manufacture and in the subsequent trial work on the road before delivery to the buyer. Taking the case of an Atlantic liner, as an example, it has to do quite a number of voyages before "settling down to its work," as the engineer puts it. So with the mechanism of a motor car, a certain amount of work must be done by it before the best results are shown in its running, and the speed, quietness, efficiency and general smoothness acquired which invariably characterize the best type of car.

Visit Was Short and Unexpected

"Were you ever on a racing car?"

"Yes, once."

"Whose was it?"

"I don't know. I was merely on the bonnet for the fraction of a second, and before I could pick myself up it got away."

Adjusting Belt-Driven Fans

Those whose cars are fitted with fan-cooled radiators employing belt-driven fans should give a little attention now and then to the belt. See that the belt is not allowed to become so loose that the fan does not rotate as rapidly as it

should and consequently does not draw as much air through the radiator as when the belt was tighter. To run these fans at high rates of speed requires more power than is generally imagined, and if the belt becomes too slack there at once results the slip mentioned, particularly where round belts are run on V-rimmed pulleys.

Leave Room for Link Play

When adjusting driving chains care should be exercised that a sufficient amount of play is allowed to the carriage spring links. As the rear axle is carried backward in adjusting the chain the length of the movement to the spring links is curtailed and their free action interfered with to a large extent. Adjustments carried to this length will result in no action being allowed the links. The comfort of the car will be diminished to a very noticeable degree, which may be looked for without result if the point above raised is not thought of.

Maud Got Square

Maud Muller, on a summer's morn,
Heard the toot of a motor horn.

She saw the Judge go scorching past,
"Geel!" said Maud, "he's going fast."

And then she thought of the sighs and
tears

The Judge had caused her all these
years.

"He's breaking the law at that speed,"
quoth she,

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! here's revenge for
me!"

So she set her teeth, and ne'er e'en
flinched,

While she took his number and had him
pinched.

A Convert of the Show

The Documents in the Case

By Robert Bruce

Park Row Building, New York,

January 14, 1905.

My Dear Henry:

I think perhaps you would like to spend an evening at the Automobile Show, which begins this evening and continues all next week. As I have secured a number of tickets, I take the liberty of sending a few for your personal use. Though I do not remember hearing you ever express an opinion on automobiling and automobilists, yet I haven't forgotten how enthusiastic you became at the Horse Show in November. I presume you have some sort of interest in this new and popular phase of pleasure travel and transportation.

It is probable that some old friends of yours and mine will be at the Garden Monday night, and we might run across them. I am sure that you will find a close inspection of the new types and models well worth your while.

Very truly yours,

Tom.

Times Building, Times Square,

January 16, 1905.

Dear Tom:

It is very kind of you to send me the tickets for the automobile show, and although I am always glad to go out of my way to come across my friends—or yours—I doubt very much if I shall use them. I see and hear so much to prejudice me against the whole automobiling fraternity that I would probably not take the trouble to look out of the window at all the automobiles from here to Halifax, on dress parade.

Yours truly,

Henry.

January 16, 1905.

My Dear Henry:

Yours of even date just arrived. I am very much surprised to find out—over your own signature—that you have any such feeling against automobiles. I am confident that you do not know them at close range, and think that if you would rub up against the real thing at the National Show you would not be slow to revise your present opinion. I know there are some people who lend neither credit nor honor to the sport, but they are in a minority, and are no more typical of the great body of sane, fair and careful motorists than is the emigrant, naturalized two days after his arrival in America, a type of our American citizenship.

We are on the threshold of a new and auspicious era of transportation, on which the independent motor car is to have an influence beyond all present expectations. Already the unit or individual motor is receiving the attention of business men, and even the great transportation interests of the country are not sleeping over the subject.

However, I did not expect to preach you a sermon, but would like to know if you could not put aside your preconceived ideas long enough to make a trip with me down to the show to-night, in my staunch, reliable new American car. If the streets of New York are in as good condition as they were this morning, I will guarantee to take you from your cozy apartments in Harlem to Madison Square Garden and back as swiftly as you could make connections at both ends by using the subway, and much

quicker than the elevated could possibly carry you. I will take you from your doorstep to the Madson Avenue entrance with no delay or interruptions "aside from accidents" (very improbable), and the minute you are through and ready to return, I will see that you are home quicker than any other combination in New York could accomplish the same ends. Furthermore, I will promise you an ex-

at 7:30 P. M. to-night. Is that satisfactory to you?" "It is. Good-by. See you at 7:30." "Oh, don't forget my address, 1301 West 123d St. I'll be ready for you. Good-by."

Times Building, Times Square,
January 17, 1905.

My Dear Tom:

It is the "morning after," and I feel that I must write you a note be-



GENERAL VIEW OF GARDEN LOOKING TOWARD MADISON AVENUE

hilaration that will do you good, and tone you up for a sound night's sleep.

I send this by messenger, hoping still to have you with me at the show to-night.

Yours hastily,

Tom.

(Telephone.)

"Hello, Tom." "Hello, is that you, Henry?" "Yes." "Well, I have just got your letter and have decided to take up your offer, and will be ready

fore getting down to the day's work. You gave me one of the most enjoyable evenings of the winter, so far, and I thank you for it. But I feel that I owe you an apology for leaving you alone all the evening at the show, and for my boisterous hilarity on the way uptown. You must have thought me, too free with my money at the Café. But I was just "exhilarated," as you said I would be. Only it didn't "tone me up for a

night's sleep." But to my explanation.

When I left you so suddenly at the entrance to the main aisle, I noticed a young lady near a light touring car, who seemed to recognize me. It was Ethel Lawrence with her father, the General, who had just returned from France. You remember, perhaps, that Ethel was one of my "friends" before she and the General went abroad three

about them as she did. Then she called my attention to a fine new touring car with a lot of the latest improvements (whatever that may mean), and I got the habit enough to long for a ride. When I asked if she would like to ride in it, she looked at me in the same old way and smiled as she said, "Of course—if you are driving."

I know you will think I'm foolish if I keep on in this vein. Well, the au-



FROM MADISON AVENUE LOOKING EAST

years ago. Just before they left, Ethel and I had an understanding—or a misunderstanding—and agreed to drop the whole affair.

I felt pretty sore about it at the time, but it didn't last long. Well, Ethel seemed to have forgotten all about the trouble, for she was just as cordial and friendly as ever. In the meantime she has gone completely wild over automobiles, and appeared surprised that I didn't care so much

tomobile is certainly a great institution. The novelty of being taken from any place uptown or downtown to wherever you want to go, without a breakdown or a moment's delay, is almost too good to be true. And how different it would seem to steer a motor car all through Central Park with Ethel. There's the telephone ring. Good-by.

Yours hastily,

Henry.

January 18, 1905.

Dear Tom:

I went again last night to the automobile show. You—and the witness of my own eyes—and Ethel—have completely converted me. I am a friend to automobiles and automobilists from now on. The General was there with Ethel again last night, and their enthusiasm for motoring seemed to be at the same zenith that mine was. I ran up against a member of the American Motor League, who was glad to enroll me, and I suppose I have subscribed since to four or five different automobile publications, though their names are rather mixed in my mind just now.

Then I ran, half intentionally, half by chance, up against the head salesman for the Blaque machine—the one we admired so much the night before—and he carried off my signature to an order for one of the 1905 patterns. Two weeks ago he might as well have tried to sell bibles at a prize fight. I will have to hustle now and become an experienced driver soon, for when I asked Ethel if she would

ride with me all over New York in my own new car—well, she didn't plead any "previous engagement."

So I am an automobilist at last. I hope I have your sympathy in making explanation of my change of heart to various of my friends. You alone know the full story of it.

Very truly yours,

Henry.

Testing a Spark Plug

In testing a sparking plug, it is, of course, important that the iron shell should be in contact with some metal portion of the engine, while at the same time the brass core and terminal must be kept well away. A convenient way of effecting this is to fix the plug between the jaws of a wrench and rest the wrench itself on the engine. It is not always safe to hold the plug by the high tension wiring, as there may be a slight leakage somewhere in the insulation with results not altogether pleasant for you.

King Cole

Old King Cole

Was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul was he;

He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,

And he called for his fiddlers three.

So old King Cole

Got his pipe and his bowl,

But his fiddlers, where were they?

They had taken their autos, each jovial soul,

And merrily ridden away!

So old King Cole

Spurned his pipe and his bowl,

And he said to his slave, said he:

"Well, I guess I'll go for a bit of a 'roll,'

So fetch a motor for me."



"Say, young feller, I'm a saloon keeper; show me one of those side entrance automobiles I've heard about."



THE bell clanged noisily and the brakes hissed; here was Stillwell Corners and yonder was Colonel Carter's old negro waiting for me, a broad smile on his honest face.

"Moanin', Marse Wilson," said he. "Ah's pow'ful glad ter see yo', sah."

"Thank you, Ben, I'm glad to see you. How is the Colonel?"

"Kunnel Cyartah am well, sah, but he done tol' me to 'spress he's regrets dat he all wa'n't able ter meet yo', sah. He done had ter went ter de county seat, sah, en won't be back 'fo' eben. De Kunnel am griebin' pow'ful much dese days, Marse Wilson."

"Indeed! What is the matter?"

"Ah doan' know ez Ah kin brung mahse'f ter speak 'bout it, sah. Yo' all 'membahs Billy, doan' yo'?"

"Billy the mule?"

"Yaas, sah—Billy de mule; nice ol' Billy dat 'wuz de bes' crittah ebbah walked dis yere ol' yearth. Marse Wilson, dey am lots ob bules a-libin', but dey ain't none lak Billy. Ef dey wa'n't sumfin human 'bout dat mule mah name ain't Ben Cyartah. Ain't Ah right?"

Billy was one of the gentlest, most intelligent mules that ever trod soil. In size he was tall and long, in color he was a jet black. In his composition there was not one atom of the stubbornness which so frequently makes the mule a creature to be reviled and scoffed at; there wasn't an ounce of laziness in his whole make-up. Billy went at his

work as if he enjoyed it and he actually seemed sorry when the day was over. Before I knew him well I used to wonder that Colonel Carter allowed the children of the neighborhood to play in and out the big animal's stall, but I soon learned that they were as safe there as they were in their own homes—safer, if anything, for so long as they remained in his sight Billy kept a watchful eye on them.

I recall an occasion when one little fellow tumbled into the brook which ran through the Colonel's barnyard. I was sitting on the verandah one morning when suddenly I heard frantic shrieks, followed almost immediately by the loud braying of a mule, from the direction of the stable. Dropping my book I ran as fast as my feet could carry me, but had the child depended on me it would have been drowned. As I entered the barnyard Billy hove in view on a dead trot for the house holding in his mouth a wee, drooping, wet creature over whom the doctor worked for an hour before it breathed freely again. An investigation showed that the halter which secured Billy to his manger had been broken and not a single soul disputed the Colonel's statement that Billy had heard the child's cry, had realized that it was in danger and breaking the rope had rushed to the rescue and pulled the tot out of the water. That was not the only incident which showed the almost human intelligence of the big, black mule.

The others, really, are too numerous to mention.

"Ben," I said, "you don't mean to tell me that Colonel Carter has sold Billy?"

Ben eyed me reproachfully over the rims of his spectacles.

"Marse Wilson," he said, "would Kunnel Cyartah sell he's wife, sah?"

"Well, hardly," I acknowledged.

"No, sah, en Kunnel Cyartah wouldn't a sol' dat Billy ter sabe him f'om stahbin' ter dear. It am wuse dan dat—it done break dis niggah's haht;" and Ben wiped his eyes with a faded bandana.

"Is he dead, Ben?" I asked. "Surely not."

"Yaas, sah. Billy's done shuffled dis yearthly coil en ef dey's a mule heaben Billy am got de bes' seat in de front row en de bigges' hahp."

"When did he die?"

"He didn't die. He wuz kilt."

"Killed!"

"Yaas, sah, he wuz kilt."

"Tell me about it," I said, as we climbed into the runabout for the three-mile drive to the Carters'.

"Ah will, sah," replied the negro. "Ah 'specks yo'all 'membahs dat young James dat uset ter come ter see de Kunnel?"

"Mrs. Carter's nephew, you mean?"

"Yaas, sah, de bery same."

"Well?"

"De las' time he come, de fus' ob June, ef Ah 'membahs 'xactly, he brung wif him one ob dem kerridges dat makes a lot ob noise—oatmealbills, Ah reckon yo' all callsum. It wuz a han'sum kerridge, painted red an' brack, en room enuff fo' five pussons, two in de front en free in de back. Marse Wilson, dat air oatmealbill make de dawndes' rackit yo' eber yeared. It go 'chug-chug-chug' sumfin lak de saw mill b'low ol' Jem Johnson's er de fiah crackahs on de Fo'th ob July. En go! Bress yo' soul dat fing kin go lak de win' on a wintah

day! Jes' ter show yo', Ah wuz standin' by de Kunnel's en Squiah Smif's man wuz in he's bahnyahd, ha'f a mile away. Ah yells ter dat coon wif all mah might, 'Hey, yo' niggah, look at dat oatmealbill dat am jes' leabin' de Kunnel's po'ch!' En wha' yo' fink dat Smif man yell back? 'Ben Cyartah, dat oatmealbill am stoppin' in front ob Marse William's haouse, up de road,' en dat William's haouse am a mile 'bove Squiah Smif's.

"But, Marse Wilson, sah, Ah doan' lak dat oatmealbill. Ah nebeh did lak it f'om de fus' minnit dat it comed froo de gate. W'en Ah seen it comin' Ah took de yuddah side ob de road, en ab'ry time it go 'chug-chug' Ah jump lak de debbil. En dey's sumbody else doan' lak it. Dat Billy doan' lak it. He got mo' sense dan mos' pussons en w'en he doan' lak a fing dey is sumfin wrong. He rub he's ol' haid up agin mah shoul-dah en he almos' say, 'Wha' is dat fing, Ben Cyartah? Ah doan' be stuck on um's 'pea'ance. Ah fink it got sumfin ter do wif de bad man.'

"En Ah say: 'Billy, yo' nigorant brack mule, yo' ain't got no sense. Wha' fo' yo' open yo' mouf? Dat fing dat makes dat rackit am progruss, spelt wif a cap-til P.'

"'Progruss,' he say. 'Who dat progruss?'

"'Billy,' Ah say, 'Ah'm s'prised at yo' nigorance. Yo' doan' know wha' progrus is! Progruss am de fing wha' makes folks discontented wif dat dey's got now, en urges dem ter try en git sumfin dey nebah kin get. Dey's no progruss 'bout a mule! Dey's al'ays bin mules en dey al'ays will be mules. It ain't dat way wif an oatmealbill. De fus' oatmealbill wuz a find on wheels dat de man push um wif his foot. Dey calls um a—a—bicycal. De las' oatmealbill jes' de opposite—it push de man, ef de man doan' git aout ob um's way. Dat

am progruss, too. Yo' ain't in dat oatmealbill's class. Yo's nuffin but a common ol' mule, wif not eben ho'se sense, en yo' doan' represent nuffin. Yo' am jes' de same kin' ob a mule lak dat Balaam ride w'en de angel stop him 'kase he ain't got no dribin' license. De oatmealbill, on de yuddah han', am a recent proddict. Dey am, howebbah, a lil 'semblance 'tween a mule en a oatmealbill—dey bofe stop we'n yo' doan' want um to, dey bofe stah't w'en yo' doan' want um ter, en bofe ob am mighty balky en stubborn at times. But yudderwise it ain't in yo' class.'

"En it seem dat mule done undahstahnd me, fo' he shake he's haid en Ah seen he look in he's eye dat comed dar de day dat good for nuffin tramp hang 'roun' de bahn.

"Sah, a blin' man could seen dat mule doan' lak de oatmealbill. W'enebbah it wha' he am he lay he's years back en show he's teef en roll he's eyes. It change he's hull nachah f'om a gentle, 'fectionate nammal to a fussin', kickin' debbil. Only, dough, w'en de mealbill am 'roun'. All de yudder times Billy wuz jes' lak umse'f en ez kin' ez he eb-bah wuz. P'raps it wuz ins'inct, Marse Wilson, en maybe it wuz mule-sense—Ah doan' know. Onct Ah seen um go up ter de oatmealbill en sniff it w'en he all doan' see dat Ah wuz 'roun'. En

den wha' yo' fink he do? Bress yo, honey, he done tuhn he's back en kick de dawn va'nish clean offen it.

"Cose Ah doan' stahnd fo' ter see him knock Marse James' fingers 'roun' data-way, dough Ah'd lak ter do it mahse'f. So Ah goes up ter um en Ah say:

"'Billy, yo' dawn fool, s'pose Marse Cyartah seen yo' do dat? Yo' all musn' do it agin, d'yo year? Doan' do yo' no good. Yo' kain't huht it, kase it ain't

got no feelin' Yo' could lam' it all day en it doan' do no good 'cept scrawtch de va'nish offen um. Ah yeared Marse Cyartah say one ob dem fingers runned inter a train of cyars, Billy, en push de hull dawn fing offen de tracks. En it doan' huht de oatmealbill fo' a cent.'

"But Billy only shuck he's haid en show he's teef.

"'Bout two week aftah Marse James come, me en Bill went ter town ter haul a load of feed. We reckined we all'd go ter town en

be back 'bout suppah time. Ah nebbah seen dat Billy so happy ez he wuz dat day. He 'tract de 'tention ob dat Williams gal—yo' doan' know dat wench—ob co'se not. She all's a toppin' fine gal, he, he! She come down ter de gate en say, 'Ben Cyartah, dat mule Billy am right frisky terday.' 'Sutenly,' Ah say, 'we all's gwine ter de mill ter git feed en Billy he know it.' En w'en



Sir Thomas Dewar, accompanied by W. J. Morgan, landing in America

Bill year wha' Ah say he lift up he's haid en bray, 'Ya, ya, ya! Haw, haw, haw!'

"En wha' yo' fink dat Williums gal say. 'Ben Cyartah,' she say, 'de mule am got mo' sense dan de niggah dat's dribin' um.' Dass jes' wha' she say. Ah wouldn't a-minded it ef dat Billy doan' year huh en laff, 'Haw, haw, Ben Cyartah!' en den reach obah en kiss dat gal right on de cheek, lak he say 'Fank yo', Missie Williums.'

"'Dar,' she say w'en he done dat, 'Ah tol' yo' dat mule got mo' sense dan yo' is.' But we all's gittin' offen de story.

"Me en Bill gits de feed en den we stahts fo' de Kunnel's. De twilight wuz comin' froo de fiel's en ebery'fing wuz jes' ez pretty ez it could be. Ah doan' know w'en Ah seen sich a fine day.

"Waal, Marse Wilson, yo' all knows wha' de ol' mill am jes' beyonst de Williums house. Dey's a bad curb right dar wha' de road tuhns to de left en it am a mighty bad place in de daytime en a wussah one at night. De Kunnel's bin aftah de county fo' a long time to fix um up, but 'pears lak de county doan' do nuffin fo' nobody, 'cept at 'lection time, w'en dey all wants ter git re'lected fo' de fings dey's done fo' yo' in de pas'.

"Jes ez me en Billy wuz gittin' neah dat curb, we yeared a soun' dat wuz berry unsuspecting, 'specially at dat time. En wha' yo' fink it wuz? De 'chug-chug-chug' ob dat dawn oatmeal-bill, en 'fo' yo' could fro' up yo' hat year

she come roun' de co'nah a-gwine lak de berry debbil. It was sutenly a tur'fyin' sight, but Ah wuzn't skeered—no, sah, not a bit, fo' Ah knowed dat Billy would yank de cyart erlong de side ob de road in 'bout half a minute. So quick ez a flash Ah pulls on de right line en says:

"'Billy, git up, yo' dawn muel, git up!'

"'Twuz dat nex' minute, Marse Wilson, dat mah po' ol' haht break, fo' 'stead ob dat muel min'in' me, lak he done all he's life, he stop right dar en plant out bofe he's fron' feet en put he's years back lak he say to de oatmealbill, 'Ah doan' lak yo' yo' spittin' debbil, Ah neb-bah did lak yo', EN IF AH LETS YO' PASS AH DOAN' DESARB TO LIB ANNUDER MINUTE.'

"Den Ah see Marse James a-pullin' at somefin' on de side ob de oatmealbill en yellin' wif all he's might. En Ah gib one mo' juck on de line. But Billy he jes' stan' still right in de road.

"Den de daytime sky git all litted up wif de stahs ob night en dey come a blindin' flash ob lightnin'.

"Dass all Ah 'membahs, Marse Wilson, fo' weeks en weeks. En w'en Ah comed ter know anyfin' de grass am already growin' on po' Billy's grabe. Ebry Sunday Ah goes dar wif a little bowket en Ah lays it on de moun'. 'Twuz de onlies time Billy wuz stubbone, but 'twuz jes' oncet mo' dan ernuff."

Ben paused and wiped away a tear.

"Marse Wilson," he said, "dey am de Kunnel's jes' roun' de co'nah."



Some Supposed Facts

By Dr. Perry E. Doolittle

(The following correct report of the centennial celebration of the New York Motor Club is taken verbatim from the columns of the *New York Daily Rapid Transit*, under date of November 16, 2004.)

THE New York Motor Club celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its formation by a tour to its palatial club house here this afternoon, followed by a banquet this evening, at which covers were laid for over a thousand members and guests, the latter coming from all parts of the Empire, as well as from Toronto, Winnipeg and Montreal in the neighboring Dominion.

After full justice had been done to the club's elaborate menu, the usual patriotic toast, "Our Emperor and the Imperial Viceroy of the Confederated States," was duly proposed and drunk, while the wireless aeolian in the club's New York headquarters filled the room with the stirring strains of "Rule America." In proposing the toast of the evening, "Our Club and its One Hundredth Anniversary," President Speedwell spoke in part as follows:

"Ladies, Fellow Members and Honored

Guests: Words fail me in expressing to you the pleasure I feel to-night, not only in presiding at this banquet and in welcoming you, but also in being alive and witnessing and participating in the achievements of the present day. As this is the centennial anniversary of the birth of our club, my thoughts naturally travel back over that lapse of time, and I feel that this

is a fitting occasion to review the intervening events and outline the march of progress in the inventions and discoveries which have resulted in the great changes in the methods of rapid transit which have occurred.

"After several preliminary meetings had been held, our club was originally organized in Bretton Hall, New York, one hundred years ago to-night. Our club being the first automobile one to recognize the possibility of motoring in the air, it is only in the natural sequence of events that, while it has constantly grown and flourished, all other like clubs of that day have long since died and been forgotten. Among the latter, the Toronto Automobile Club, with a fine feeling of international courtesy, sent a telegram, which was read at the meeting, welcoming us into the world of automobilism and bespeaking from the adoption into our constitution of



their chief plank of 'improved roadways and equal rights for all users of the same.' Little, indeed, did our revered founders foresee how small would be the employment to which the highways would be put to in the future of rapid transit; yet these fraternal greetings from across the then border were no doubt very welcome to our forebears. So to-night to our guests

from across the line, we again say welcome, and we ask them not only to share with us the pleasure of this occasion, but a little of its glory as well.

"To show the skepticism of that time with regard to air motoring, I will read to you from these copies of journals then published and which I have resurected from the archives of the club. From the *Motor Age* of date of November 24, 1904:

"The New York Motor Club completed its formal organization at a meeting held at Bretton Hall on Wednesday evening of last week. The by-laws adopted were substantially as outlined in *Motor Age* last week. The breeziest discussion of a breezy meeting that promises much for vigorous argument and a healthy lack of stilted unanimity in the future, was over the proposition to include the use of motors for air-ships in the objects of the club. The proposition was lost at first by a close vote, but on reconsideration, carried, after a lively debate, by a decided majority. The by-laws now read "Motoring on land and water and in the air," which latter will be pie for the cheap humorists, who are trying to laugh down the club."

"And this editorial in *Automobile Topics* of date of two days later: 'It is an act of sheer mercy to the cheap evils, chronic soreheads and giggling punsters that the newly-formed New York Motor Club recognized the future possibility of aerial navigation in the statement of its objects. As an organization of which the central idea is progress in travel, it would have stamped itself as narrow had it declined to recognize this possibility, however much the probability of aerial navigation in the statement of the club is to promote the interests of locomotion by means of propelled vehicles, and it would have been a lame conclusion for it to have had its articles read "on land and water" only, and

how the gnats in the big forest of automobiling have buzzed about that passage in the declared purposes of the club. Whatever the club may amount to, the adoption of that passage is likely to prove good advertising for it.'

"These, you will observe, were friendly criticisms; I leave to your imagination what the others must have been. The highest powered land automobile of those benighted days had only a beggarly hundred horse power and its fullest speed was less than one hundred miles an hour. On the water the motorist showed to even less advantage and a maximum speed of less than forty miles was all he had been able to attain, while in the air the motor practically had no status at all. True, one Santos Dumont had steered a balloon around the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and less than a fortnight before the formation of our club, at a show held in St. Louis (an anniversary show, too, by the way), two balloon-like affairs, after repeated failures, succeeded in sailing a few miles in still air and returning to their starting place at the imminent risk of the lives of their daring navigators. Small wonder it is then that the jibes of the press were visited upon the N. Y. M. C. founders at our club's inception.

"But science and invention soar hand in hand, ever beating down obstacles to the world's progress, and what have we as the result of a hundred years' achievement? A hundred years ago the one hundred horse power car on land, with a speed of one hundred miles in an hour (and this was only possible for very short distances in Florida), weighed a ton and a-half, while the differently constructed water craft, with equal power and weight, had less than half the car's speed and in the air the crude conveyance was still only a balloon. You have come to the banquet to-night in cars which travel on land, water, or in the

air at your pleasure, that have an earth-drawn gravity of less than one hundred pounds, and they travel on land, where conditions will permit, at a speed of three hundred miles an hour, on still water equally fast, and through the air a maximum of five hundred miles have been attained, while the power developed runs high in the hundreds. And this is not finality either as you all, no doubt, read in this morning's Yellow Journals

chemical though still secret, process by which feather-weight rubberized silk becomes possessed of enormous strength and wearing qualities, and is a perfect gas retainer at all pressures. These, with hydrogen tire and body inflation, and the cellulo-vulcan transparent film for the outer casing of the car (nobody could breathe in an open car at present speeds) explain the transformation in weight, while the vegetable alcohol dis-



BANQUET TO SIR THOMAS DEWAR AT HOTEL ASTOR

that 'The Edison Successors Co. (unlimited) would, in a few days, bring out their electric batteries which would completely revolutionize all forms of transit.' (Laughter).

"These marvelous advances have one and all been made possible by the discovery of the chemical treatment of aluminum by which the metal takes on all the properties of steel and yet becomes still lighter in the process; of the

titled by the farmers of the country and infused with radio activity by that grinding monopoly, the radium trust, renders the present fuel a hundred fold more powerful per pound than the vile smelling petroleum compound once used.

"This extreme lightness, along with enormous power, enabled the successful employment of the aeroplane, and our clever inventors and mechanics have done the rest, till to-day one steps inside

one's motor car, turns the nose of the aeroplane down and spins merrily along the down pressure of the upwardly displaced atmosphere, crowding the car down hard on mother earth and so giving greater traction power to the wheels than ever the cumbersome weight of the giants of our forefathers did. On the water our light car rides like a cockle shell, while the tiny pockets of the tires with the aeroplane placed only a little lower down, make of any river an ideal race-course.

"But these land and water forms of transit are slow and hedged about by other traffic, hence when we seek to enjoy our motor to the fullest we elevate the nose of our aeroplane and clutch in our rotary blast when we go soaring skyward; even as did the sky rockets which illuminated the heavens on festive nights of old, while snugly mounted in our rocket we steer it at sweet will upwards or downwards, right or left, by our aeroplane which corre-

sponds to the outstretched wing of the soaring gull.

"As you are aware, our San Francisco guests reached New York from the Golden Gate in a little over ten hours with one stop at Kansas City for fuel, while the badge for to-day's flight now proudly decorates the vest of our modest secretary, whose time from the Headquarters Club House roof here was forty-two minutes and twenty seconds. We all regret the accident which happened to one of our cars to-day before getting out of the thick traffic of the New York air, but which fortunately did not result in anything more serious than a damaged automobile and the loss of its owner and companion from our banquet to-night, but as all sports have their element of danger, lending spice —"

[Editorial Note.—We regret that in the absence from the automatic audiophone composing room of the attendant, a disarrangement in the machinery occurred, badly pieing the subsequent banquet report, only the last part of the reply to the toast of "The Ladies" being printable, and as we were holding the press for this dispatch and could not wait for another hour when the complete original would be received by ordinary messenger we have given the properly-set stick below and will have the pied section in to-morrow's report.]

"I say, again, Mr. President, it's most unfair asking a fellow who hasn't even a sister, and who is too bashful even to look at a pretty girl, to respond to this toast. And, besides, I am afraid I'm not in the humor to-night to give the dear creatures the unstinted praises usually showered on them by more gallant and better experienced sponsors.

"Our President has given us considerable ancient history, which isn't so very ancient after all in comparison with a much earlier event, in which a woman and an apple figured quite prominently, and from that early time down to the



present the lady has been in the case pretty generally. It was the lady in the case this afternoon that caused the mischief to Billy Feathertop's car, and as he was my best friend till a couple of months ago, when he went wrong from a bachelor's point of view, and kept at it till he became engaged last week, you can better understand why I feel as I do toward the sex, which robbed me of my companion. I was following just behind them, in my little seat-for-one-only sail-about, when I saw him; well, never mind what I saw, I am not going to go back on him altogether. Love you know is blind, and I really think there ought to be a law passed prohibiting blind people driving automobiles.

"I also saw one of those big lumber-

ing 'Seeing New York' omnibus motors cutting right across him; I threw my forty horse power calliope wide open, but poor Billy did not dodge quick enough, and so got winged. His automatic-compressed hydrogen safety balloon filled up instantly, and so his fiancé and himself gently descended to the Hudson just above Poughkeepsie. I slowed down, and as I passed over them, I saw he had the motor running all right, and I knew very well that he could have gone on if he had chosen, but the ladies, God bless them, have the power at a certain stage of man's insanity of making him glad of an excuse to occupy a cosy little dining room for two at Sherry's, instead of participating in this glorious Centennial celebration."

Hayes and His Horse

By "The Autonian"

THERE can be no denying the fact that most of the prejudice which exists against the automobile comes from a large and by no means uninfluential body of people who really and

conscientiously believe that the world was made for the horse and for those who own him. Logic, argument, facts and every other possible means of enlightenment are lost upon these auto-



phobes; hence it is, probably, that a Canadian genius with the not altogether unequine name of Hayes has sought to placate the hippoworshippers with an invention the picture of which we owe are thanks to the *Scientific American* for.

It would ill become us upon the pages of a publication devoted to the horse's successor to criticize Mr. Hayes' invention too severely, for fear that it might be said prejudice and innate horse hatred was responsible therefor, but this much can be urged in favor of the life-like quality of Mr. Hayes' horse—he is sufficiently light-headed to deceive the most observing of his four-footed brethren into believing that he is a real, live one like themselves.

The forward part of the Hayes horse deceiver, it will be observed, is carried on a roller, mounted on a swivel fork, while the rear is supported by plates attached to the legs and fitted to the forward axle of the vehicle. The advantage of thus making the automobile a three-track vehicle instead of a two-track one is obvious, but the trials of the man who attempts to keep the fore end of that horse in the ridge of country road while the wheels of the vehicle he pretends to draw are tracking those of the real horse-drawn conveyances is something Mr. Hayes may well ponder upon. The body of the horse is made hollow, and the in-

ventor says that doing this provides ample storage place for fuel, tools, extra tires, and any other equipment with which it is desired to carry on or for a motor vehicle. Entrance to this tool chest is had through a door in the rear, the tail of the horse serving as the door handle. In the head of the horse a chamber is formed to receive a search light for use at night, and colored lenses at each side serve as eyes for the creature. In its mouth the animal carries an automobile horn. The reins are attached to the lower jaw of the figure, and must be normally held taut, permitting the bulb of the horn to expand and fill with air. When, however, the tension on the lines is relaxed, the jaw, under action of the spring, closes onto the bulb, causing the horn to sound. Truly, the millennium of motoring has been brought close to hand by the ingenuity of Mr. Hayes, of Canada.

Two Jacks, a Good Hand

It is a good idea to have two jacks, one to carry on the car and one to be left in the motor house at all times. The one to be carried should be light. The body should be pretty solid, since it is not always an easy matter on a rough road to get the jack placed perpendicularly under the car. Some of the cheap jacks which are made of cast iron and hollow in the center snap very easily, and are not to be trusted. The top of a good jack should be made to revolve. The best type for use in the motor house, for raising the wheels, etc., for washing, must have a long handle, so it will not be necessary to get under the car every time you wish to place the jack in position. It is hardly necessary to observe that the jack should be telescopic so that it can be adjusted to any height before screwing it up.



A Complaint from Penn Yan

By R. S. V.

THEY were on the ferry boat whose ultimate destination was Weehawken. They were both women— young women of the delightful if uncertain period when women tell each other of everything new or novel that either has seen or experienced.

The young woman who used a parcel she had in her hand with as many motions as an orchestra director makes with his baton was speaking. She said:

"I have been in New York a whole week. One of my acquaintances left me to decide which it should be, a dinner, an automobile ride or the theater. I had been wondering if I should ever have an automobile experience, and, naturally I chose that. Of course, it meant an extra outlay, for my aunt told me of several things which a woman must wear when motoring.

"The novelty of seeing your young man drive up in front of the house in a buggy became shopworn and fly-specked long ago. Still a girl never gets too old to remember with a sort of palpitation of the heart her first buggy ride—do you think? I wondered how I should feel when the New York man brought his automobile up before my aunt's door. I was all flustered for the moment. Then my aunt rushed into my room and said:

" 'He has come.'

"I waited to hear the ring of the bell, but it never rang. No. Then I had the feeling of falling out of a window. I looked at my aunt and she said:

" 'Hurry up, he's sounded.'

" 'He's what?' I asked. 'Why doesn't he ring? Why doesn't the girl let him in?' I added.

"And my aunt replied: 'Young men who come in automobiles for young ladies do not ring. It is not good form.

They toot the horn, and that means for you to come on. Unless the young man has a chauffeur he doesn't leave the vehicle. He sounds the horn.'

"That was new to me. I wonder if this is done by all who have no chauffeurs? Well, I flew down the stairway and the young man helped me in. It was one of those dinkey cars built for two—a man and a wo-

man. Away we went across to the Park, around the Park, down Fifth avenue, back again and over to Riverside Drive and up to Grant's Tomb and home again. Sometimes the motor fluttered, sometimes it balked, sometimes it sputtered—puff, puff, puff.

"All this time he never took off his beastly goggles. I don't think he ever looked at me to see what I had on. He had to keep both hands, or, at least, he did, on the steering apparatus—I don't know the technical name of it.





"If he did remove one hand he used it on the bulb that sounded the horn. He just looked ahead of him all the time. When I go moting again I shall hope that there will be a chauffeur. There are times when three are company. I told my aunt so. But it has been so long since she was young that she didn't understand. Still, when I get back to Penn Yan I shall not let on but what I had the time of my life."

When they got up to disembark at Weehawken a scrap of paper fluttered to the floor, accidentally dropped by the one from Penn Yan, and upon it was scrawled these lines:

She spoke of the flowers by the way-side,

Of the butterfly, bee and the bird,
But the man by her side kept his eye
on the road,

And answered her never a word.

She talked of the latest engagement,
"Old Gold and Miss Young—how
absurd!"

But the man at the wheel kept his eye
on the road,

And answered her never a word.

She exhausted all topics of gossip,
She prattled, she pouted, she purred,

But the man at the wheel kept his eye
on the road,

And answered her never a word.

Through gravel and mire he spurted,
And swift round the corners he
steered,

With an eye for each gauge and his
hand on the wheel,

And he answered her never a word.

Into silence and sadness subsiding,
She sobbed till his ears must have
heard,

But the man by her side kept his eye
on the road,

And answered her never a word.

The gasolene's holding out finely,
To 400 the steam needle whirled,
There was plenty of water and air in
the tanks,

So he answered her never a word.

So she said to herself: "Well, excuse
me,

The motor is smart, so I've heard,
But hereafter I'll stick to the buggy,
And the man who can speak the
right word."

Resin Will Make the Thread Hold

Sometimes a nut departs from the straight course of its duty and, scorning the gentle persuasion of the wrench, refuses to stay in its proper place. Should one of those on your vehicle act in this annoying manner, it can usually be brought to reason by melting a little resin and pouring it on the thread.

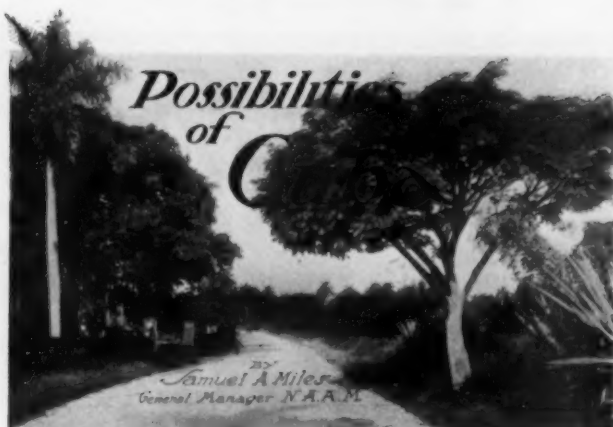
Apropos

"I want a crest," the repairer said,
To the man of heraldry;

"Some simple thing that all will say
Is appropriate to me."

"A woodcock, Sir," the artist said,
"Your want will surely fill,

For all will know how well it fits
By its tremendous bill!"



TO the American who has not made a careful study of the country Cuba presents so many surprises that the visitor wonders how so glorious a country can exist within so short a distance of the United States without a more thorough understanding of its advantages by ourselves. It is probably a fact that ninety per cent. of the people of the United States regard Havana as an antiquated and somewhat dilapidated city which would compare most unfavorably with any of the larger cities of this country. It seems to be the common impression that Havana is a city of dirty streets, tumbled-down buildings and people of indolent disposition. Nothing could be farther from the facts.

As the visitor enters the harbor he is immediately impressed with the cleanliness and well-kept appearance of everything in sight. This impression has proved to be well founded by even a casual examination of the city itself. All of the streets in the business center are extremely narrow and the paving is not all together good, but in other parts of the city the streets widen and the wood paving is as fine as may be found in any city in the United States.

I did not gather, from the short time at my disposal, that Cuba offers any

immediate prospect of an extensive business in automobiles. The principal market would, of course, be in Havana; among whose three hundred and fifty thousand people are many men of wealth who have become or are rapidly becoming interested in the new means of locomotion. To these, however, the French machine appears to be the only one worth considering. It is probably a fact that seventy-five per cent. of the cars on the island are of French manufacture. There are a few German cars and a few American ones, among which the White seems to be the favorite.

Unlike the dealers of the United States the Cubans are able to sell French machines at prices which compare favorably, in a great many cases, with those of American-made cars. The duty is twenty-five per cent. ad valorem, and this applies, of course, no matter where the car may have been manufactured. The question then is merely one of cost in France or the United States, as the case may be. If we may accept statements made to us it would appear that the government of Cuba rarely collects the full amount of the duty to which it is entitled. It is asserted quite positively that no matter what may have been the price paid for a car in France, the shipper fol-

lows the instructions of the buyer in making out his invoice, and that by this means the duty is paid on an amount very much lower than the actual cost of the car.

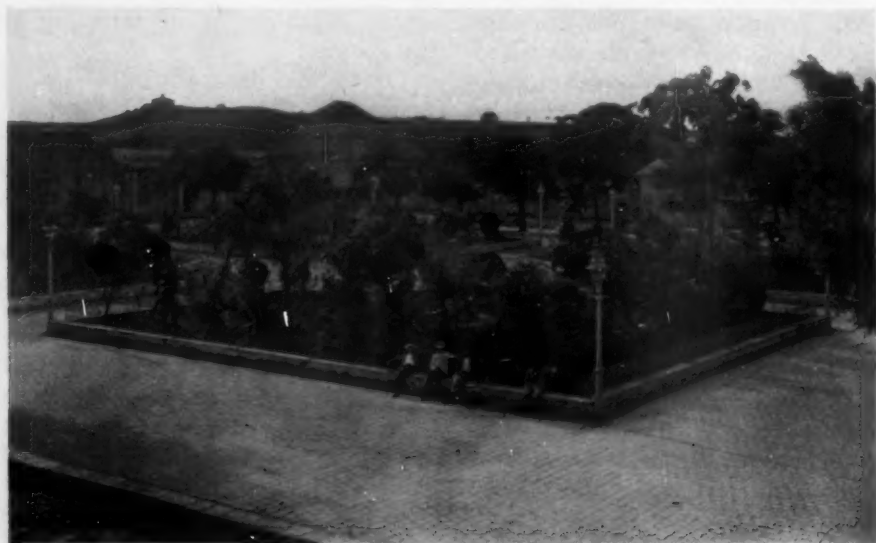
There is but one thoroughly established automobile house in Havana. This is the Havana Garage Company, in whose place we found samples of the Darracq, DeDion, White and Oldsmobile. There are two or three concerns which would be known in this country as curb-stone dealers, but they make no effort, apparently, to encourage automobiling. The Havana Garage Company is an active and progressive concern. This company has a small repair department, but is now installing machinery which will give it the advantage of a well-equipped and up-to-date shop.

The roads at Cuba are a revelation. Thanks to the kindness of Mr. Lopez, we drove thirty miles or so to Guanajay, about half way on the road to San Cristobal, over which it is intended that a road race shall take place

early in February. The macadamized part of this road is seventeen feet wide. On either side is a bridle path about six feet wide, but these paths are almost as hard as the road itself. On each side of the road there is a ditch about two feet deep, these ditches being kept absolutely clear. The center of the road is of limestone. Considering its length, I have never seen a road in such excellent condition. I sat in a tonneau over a distance of sixty miles in a machine traveling at speeds ranging from twelve to thirty-five miles an hour, and was never once raised from the seat or subjected to any of the inconveniences to which a person similarly situated would be treated on any road of similar length in the United States.

This road is ideal for touring purposes. It is lined with Royal palms, through which one sees field of tobacco, corn and fruits in a great profusion.

The traffic on this road is, in some parts, quite extensive. A narrow tire or a small wheel is never seen. The



THE EVER 'PRESENT' PLAZA"



"THE ROADS OF CUBA ARE A REVELATION"

wheels vary from five to seven feet in height and the tires from three to six inches in width. The carts are monstrous and heavily loaded, frequently with tobacco, but the horses or mules are insignificant in size. Ox carts are also to be seen in great numbers. A reasonably good horse, by the way, costs about \$150. Mules are more valuable.

United States Ambassador Squires gave evidence of a lively interest in automobiles. He has owned and disposed of three cars of early manufacture, with which his experience was not all that might have been desired. He is anxious, nevertheless, to see the introduction of a larger number of American machines, but agreed, with other people with whom we talked, that no Cuban is likely to purchase an American car until its merits have been thoroughly demonstrated. One gentleman

expressed the willingness to import an American car, pay the freight and duty and do all other things necessary, provided the manufacturer would consign the car and send down a thoroughly competent man to demonstrate it. He believed that under these conditions a sale might be made which would lead to a satisfactory business, but expressed the opinion that no one would import cars under any other circumstances.

There is no doubt about the increasing prosperity of Cuba. The money which has been borrowed by the government has been and is being used to pay the salaries of the soldiers. The amount of money per capita has increased from two dollars during the war to twenty-two dollars at this time. Outside of Havana the expense of living is normal. There is no record of a frost in Cuba, consequently the peo-



ON THE WAY TO SAN CRISTOBAL

ple live in cheaply constructed houses and cabins, while the clothing of the men consists of a hat, a linen shirt and trousers and a pair of shoes.

There is an automobile organization in Havana, known as the International Automobile Racing Association of Cuba. Its president is E. J. Conill, a wealthy young man who spends considerable time in the United States. Its secretary is R. C. Mendzo, a Yale graduate who studied law in New York and would probably have been admitted to the bar there, except for the outbreak of the war.

Everyone seems to be deeply interested in the proposed races. There had been some little opposition, but President Palma and Secretary of Public Works Diaz both expressed themselves as strongly favoring the events.

Young Lochinvar Up-to-Date

Oh, young Lochinvar came out to the West;

He claimed that his racer was the best;
It was painted dark red and it brilliantly shone,

He went like a streak and he rode all alone;

He shot over ruts with a zip and a jar,
And people fled madly from young Lochinvar.

With a whirl of its wheels and a hum of some cogs

He scared all the children and ran over dogs;

He frightened the horses and laughed at their pranks,

And men who got mad he regarded as cranks;

He gave her the very last notch on the bar,

And a cloud of dust followed the gay Lochinvar.

He stayed not at bridges, he stopped not for stone,

He calmly took all of the road as his own

Till he came to a crossing and smashed through a gate

And endeavored to butt through a train-load of freight—

They searched and at last, lying under a car,

They found a few chunks of the bold Lochinvar.

The lady sat waiting to hear the loud hum

That would tell her the gallant had finally come,

But she waited with sighs and she waited in vain—

Those railway wheels bore many a stain,
And, to show you how pitiless some people are,

They said it was good for the young Lochinvar.

How Rusher Built Up His Business

By Ralph E. Denton

RUSHER added a repair shop to his store. He bought a patent tank and filled it with gasoline for the accommodation of patrons. He advertised his willingness to handle automobile trade with some handbills and cards, and he had an advertisement running in the local paper. But for some reason business did not rush

his way. He took the agency of a couple of good cars and laid in a complete supply of parts and sundries. He had added a typewriter department in a corner and had endeavored to take orders for those machines while waiting for auto business. He even thought of handling phonographs and kodaks, to see how they would help him to pay the rent. Something had to be done or Rusher would be obliged to close up shop. The rent was running on, and there were the salaries of several people employed by him to be paid. Finally Rusher concluded his only chance was to "tap" the surrounding towns.

He had discovered that the farming element was taking to the modern mode of transportation, and the country people were becoming interested in moderate-priced automobiles. They were kindly disposed towards the kind of motor vehicle which would do to run to town with. Now

the cars Rusher was handling were not much for show, but they were good, substantial, plain, serviceable automob-

iles. Rusher also realized that a great deal of touring took place over the highways leading into his town, and he proposed to reach these people with notices of his wares. His first move in this direction was a visit to the

sign painter's. For \$1.10 each, he got twenty signs each three feet long and ten inches wide, painted on hard pine, with white background and black letters, as in Fig. 1. With these in the car he took a ride daily out on the roads in various directions and with hammer and nails secured these signs to posts, trees, etc., on all the good roads. A radius of five miles was the distance

fixed for this first attempt. Then Rusher, after a week or more, arranged to put up fence signs at a distance of about four miles out from town in all directions. There were several main roads and Rusher placarded each of them in turn. He first contracted with the property owners for such space on the fences as he wanted. In some cases he obtained the use of the fence space free for a year. Then again he paid two dollars for a year's lease. When the fences were all contracted for Rusher then arranged with a local painter to



Fig 1

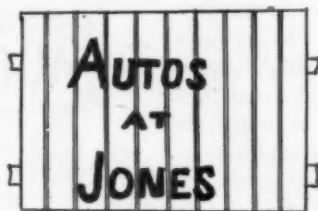


Fig 2

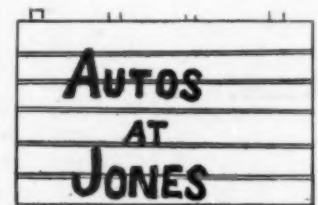


Fig 3

paint on them in big, plain letters the announcement, "Autos at Rusher's," as in Fig. 2. It cost him an average of \$1.75 per sign for these signs complete. Ten of these fence announcements were made. Next Rusher decid-



Fig 4

ed to cover the three-mile limit out from the center of his town.

For this distance he used specially made stands. First it was necessary to get the permission of property owners. Some of them had no objection to the putting up of a stand on their vacant property. Others demanded payment. Where the price was reasonable, about one dollar per year, Rusher arranged for the use of the lots for his announcements. The stands were then made and transported to destination in the automobile. The stands cost \$2 each to make, and eight of them were built, each one being seven feet high and eleven feet long. Then came the painting. This was done by day's work, the stands being taken to the

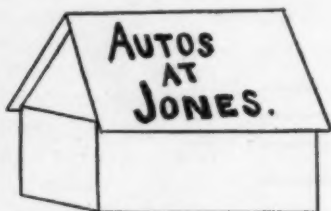


Fig 5

painter's and left there until done. First the painter put on a white background and then in bold black lettering the legend, "Autos at Rusher's."

At the rate of \$2.50 per day for the painter's share of the work, the eight

stands cost \$7.50 for the painting. Rusher then took a man from his store, and with pick and spades, they made daily trips in the automobile to the selected lots and erected the stands as shown in Fig. 3. In a few days the stands were up and in position. All this while Rusher was anxiously watching for the returns from his investments. The establishment of the first signs had been effected several days before any indication of country trade developed. Then it was only a few inquiries for catalogs, prices, etc. After the fence signs were up and the stands erected, Rusher began to feel the results of the advertising. The increased trade by no means warranted the outlay made to date, but Rusher was not



Fig 6

discouraged. He determined to complete his plans. Looking the ground carefully over at a distance of about two miles out he located a number of rocks. Calling upon the authorities he found that no objection prevailed to using the rocks along the road side for advertising purposes. Once more Rusher visited the painter's and soon some fifteen or more rocks were decorated with the usual Rusher information after the fashion shown in Fig. 4. This was done at expense to Rusher of \$3 per day. Two painters did the entire job in a day.

Business began to pick up. Rusher had many inquiries from the country people and he effected a number of actual sales that he readily traced to his road-side sign campaign. But one of the most profitable of these returns was from the tourists who come to

him to replenish the fuel tanks, or for any needed repairs to their cars or tires. The series of signs would lead the tourists on, so that it was easy to find Rusher's place, and once there the proprietor was always to be found ready to make repairs or to sell a new machine. In a little while the repair department was doing a land office business. The plan of selling typewriters and phonographs was abandoned. Still Rusher was not ready to stop reaching after trade. He had had his eye on the roofs of some buildings at the mile point out of town, and he determined to utilize a portion of this valuable space. He had to argue quite a while with some of the buildings' owners before he got them to his way of thinking. In two instances he had to let the owners have the use of an automobile each for a year, before he could induce them to let him have the use of their roofs for the same length of time. But Rusher was making money all the while. In one case, the farmer who swapped his roof for a free auto so liked the vehicle, that at the end of three months he bought the car

outright. Then again Rusher obtained two or three building roofs free of any charge. But it cost considerable to get the painting done. Two men had to arrange ladders and first paint the groundwork, then letter. They charged \$3.50 per day each. Six roofs were painted as in Fig. 5. The cost to Rusher was about \$6.50 each. Rusher now received some returns. Business no longer flagged. Rusher had his advertisement in the trade journals, but he ceased advertising with handbills. He had a sign put up in front of his establishment of the design shown in Fig. 6. This completed the circuit of advertising and Rusher rested from the work, and awaited results.

As already intimated, the plan proved beneficial to Rusher. Everyone knew of Rusher's establishment and his popularity increased. His assistants, who formerly devoted much of their time to gazing into the streets through the windows, now had all the business they could handle. In fact, business was good. Of course Rusher is not his real name, but it will do.

Ignition Systems

Charles L. Carson

TO Americans it seems rather singular that magneto ignition has made so little headway with our British cousins. The leading makers of Great Britain seem to be almost unanimously of the opinion that the high tension system (i. e., accumulator and coil) is good enough. Another thing worthy of note is that both for racing and reliability, the foreign cars fitted with the high tension ignition are in the habit of scoring heavily whenever they enter any contest.

Formerly, as to the question of com-

parative cost of the two systems, there was not a great deal of difference between them, but now when the notion that multiple coils are necessary for multiple cylinder engines has been exploded, two of the disadvantages of the high tension system—cost and complication—have been eliminated. It has always been a mystery to me why any one should imagine for a moment that a single coil would not work at the necessary speed for a four-cylinder engine, provided it was properly designed.

Granted that if, as in British practice,

a trembler is used the speed depends on the speed of the trembler, but where is the real necessity for a trembler at all? Do away with the trembler, and, provided the make and break fitted in its place is well designed and strongly made, the only part which is likely to give trouble—and give trouble it undoubtedly does, owing to its delicate construction and the high speed at which it works—is dispensed with. When I say the only part, there will doubtless be many who will disagree with me and ask. "How about the accumulator?"

Now, on the subject of accumulators there is much to be said, but we will take it for granted, if indeed it is not a self-evident fact, that most of the leading makers have by this time discovered a reliable one. At the same time there exists at the present moment a very unfortunate state of affairs. On the one hand, very few of those who use them in a car understand how to test an accumulator, the method used being in most cases extremely crude, as for instances, running the accumulator down on a coil—the current consumption of which is unknown—instead of making the test with a resistance and "a meter" at the rated discharge, besides the usual "road tests" for mechanical construction, etc. On the other hand, there is considerable danger of the high tension system falling into quite undeserved disrepute, owing to the difficulty experienced by manufacturers in selecting the accumulators and coils most suitable for the work, on account of the insufficient means of testing.

The manufacture of accumulators is really a highly specialized branch of electrical work, and the making of efficient batteries for ignition is a branch of accumulator manufacture demanding experience not gained in a few months or a year.

Take, for example, battery plates suit-

able for traction work are not successful when made up into ignition batteries, neither are plates suitable for stationary lighting work. A plate for ignition must be designed with three objects in view: first, the lead frame must be of such construction that it will hold the active material in place when subjected to vibration; secondly, the contact between the active material and the frame must be good, to enable the plate to stand the comparatively high discharges which generally occurs at starting or running slowly; thirdly, there must be sufficient lead to enable the battery to last for several years without serious depreciation. The finished accumulator should be designed as a whole for the work it is intended to perform, proper provision being made for holding the plates in position, supporting and separating them, also some means of avoiding splashing of the acid and the creeping of "salts" up the lugs and terminals.

I have laid special stress on the question of accumulators, as worthless ones are being placed on the market by self-styled "manufacturers" with no experience, who buy plates which are unsuitable, or, worse still, try to make them on the strength of information gleaned from textbooks, and then buy cases to approximately fit the plates, calling the complete article by a high sounding name and rating it at a capacity which, for its size and weight, leaves even the Edisonian claims far behind, and brings us within measurable distance of aerial locomotion if the amount of power claimed could really be got into the space. It is as well, therefore, that there should be some points which can be insisted upon by accumulator users. There are accumulators on the market possessing all the points mentioned above, so that I am not suggesting or aiming at impossible ideals.

The coil, as at present used, has many

grave defects, but if only one coil were used on a car there should be scope for a really efficient one, which, although not cheap, would be cheaper than a multiply coil by many dollars. The ordinary spring contact make and break would be unsuitable for four cylinders, owing to the difficulty of adjustment and the difficulty of starting at the low speed given by the starting handle; but it should be possible to make a form which will give a quick break and still be capable of absolute synchronization. Given proper attention to the points enumerated, there would be less chance of breakdown with high tension ignition than with any other form. There is the additional advantage that when proper accumulators are carried, they can be used for the lighting as well, doing away with the sometimes dangerous and troublesome acetylene lamps. There has up till lately been some doubt as to the possibility of obtaining sufficient light from an electric car lamp, but I have seen electric headlights for cars which give a light equal to any acetylene lamp, because a more efficient reflector can be used, throwing the light easily 150 to 200 yards ahead. The quality of the light itself is, in many ways, more useful and penetrating. The lamps only require a current of 1 ampère at 12 volts, the accumulators for 20 hours continuous light occupying a space of only about 10 by 4½ inches.

Referring to commutators, so called, though the term is not really correct as applied to a distributor as used on automobiles, there is considerable room for improvement. The roller contact, for instance, has died hard. It never ought to have been introduced, considering that before many of the modern motor designers were born, it was proved by the British postoffice telegraph engineers that low tension currents cannot be efficiently transmitted by movable

bearings or rollers unless bridged by flexible wire, which, in the case of rollers, is, of course, impossible.

There is not the slightest doubt that there are great advantages attached to working multi-cylinder engines from one coil, chief among them being that of having the same "spark value" in all the cylinders. Only those who have had an opportunity of comparing the running of engines under the two methods can appreciate the difference in running caused by doing away with the possibility of having, say, one trembler running fast and giving a good spark, another perhaps sticking slightly, and yet another running slowly and giving a poor spark and, consequently, firing late.

If one may venture to prophesy, it is to say that the car of the future will be "self-supporting," as regards ignition and lighting; the accumulator for both purposes being carried on board and recharged automatically by a small dynamo on the engine. It would be possible to make the whole apparatus so reliable as not to require attention more than once in twelve months. However, we may sigh for such perfection, experience shows that it will be arrived at gradually, and, indeed, it almost seems to an outsider carefully studying the shows year by year, that manufacturers do not add too many improvements in one year lest they shall have nothing new left with which to attract next season's trade—who knows?

Piston Ring Wear

One place where compression is more than likely to be lost is the imperfect fitting of the piston and its rings in the cylinder. The ideal conditions for a piston working in a cylinder would be a perfect fit between them all, but since the question of heat has to be considered, it is not possible to attain this ideal condition, because if the pis-

ton were too tight the heat generated by its frictional contact would be so intense as altogether to prevent its working. As it is, the difference in measurement between the piston and the cylinder walls does not amount to approximately more than one-hundredth part of an inch. There is this difference to be provided for, however, and, although the hundredth part of an inch may seem a small matter, yet it allows of the escape of a very appreciable quantity of the explosive gases from the cylinder before the charge is fired, and is of vital importance in the construction of an engine such as that employed in driving a motor vehicle.

The piston, then, having of necessity to be smaller in diameter than the cylinder, it becomes necessary to make a gas tight joint by the aid of piston rings. For this purpose three or more rectangular grooves are cut in the upper end of the piston, and into each of these grooves is sprung a cast iron ring so constructed (being severed at one point) as to have in itself a certain amount of spring which keeps it in constant contact with the walls of the cylinder, and so forms the necessary joint. In course of time these rings will wear to such an extent as to permit a portion of the compressed charge to escape, and, what is more destructive, portions of the ignited gas also escape by them, thus tending to their rapid destruction when once they begin to give way.

It is invariably the top piston ring which gives way first, as this does the bulk of the work in preventing the passing of any part of the compressed or exploded charge. The first ring having failed, the remaining ones go in succession, so that the loss of compression is on this account spread over a fairly long period of time. If all the rings went simultaneously, then the loss in compression would be so sudden that

one could turn to the engine and immediately go to the piston rings as the cause of the trouble; but as these go successively, the power diminishes very gradually, and it is not until the rings are really bad that one turns to these.

Lubricate the Clutch Boss

Trouble with the clutch and the first speed gearing is sometimes experienced, and difficulty is often found in locating the cause of the trouble. Every clutch is provided, or should be, with means of lubricating the boss where it revolves on the shaft when withdrawn from engagement with its opposite half, not so very infrequently the flywheel of the motor. Want of lubrication causes the moving portion of the clutch to revolve rapidly, and, in fact, to transmit power when it should not—that is, when the clutch is out of action and the gear is still running. The result of this driving by the clutch when disengaged is that one member of the change-speed gear is revolving at a higher rate of speed than the opposite member with which it has to engage. In order to insure the minimum of ease when changing speeds, the gear wheels should approximately be running at even gait, otherwise a harsh grating sound follows, the result of which is that the edges of the gear wheels become severely chipped and are generally reduced to a bad condition.

"Touring"

"So you were a guest of one of the St. Louis tourists on the recent run to the Fair, eh?" said the friend. "Did you go fast?"

"Fast!" echoed Major Bourbon. "Why, by the time you could pull out your flask you would be in a Prohibition State, and by the time you put it back you would be out again."



The Evangelist of the Motor Car

By "The Recorder"

THAT old saying, "See Naples and die," perhaps true in sunny Italy, does not apply to the most picturesque little town of sunny Florida, for there it is to see Daytona and live. To see it is to want to live despite aches and pains; to see it is to be converted to automobiling with all its attendant pleasures and diseases.

Probably no places have contributed more to the spread of the automobile gospel than Daytona and Ormond, connected by the famous beach upon whose smooth, hard surface all records have been broken and upon which every novice who drives is not only enthusiastic but at once allows himself to become the legitimate prey of automobile salesmen.

Climate, roads and this magnificent beach have drawn the autoist to Florida in ever increasing numbers, and strange to say, he is welcome. True, he must exercise some discretion, and should he drive faster than one hun-

dred miles an hour, is liable to be arrested by Daytona's solitary, heavy-weight policeman, who, with club and loaded gun, faithfully patrols thirty miles of streets and thirty miles of beach, always ready to land the century exceeider in the twelve-foot jail built out over the river where, from which even should he escape through the strong one-inch wall, he would still be obliged to swim to liberty or meet a watery grave.



But far too little has been written concerning the summers on the Florida East Coast, and readers may smile when told that it is fast becoming a favorite summer re-

sort, because many wealthy residents, originally from the North, and who, having time and means to travel, have at last found here as near an ideal all the year round climate as this imperfect earth can supply. From last June to this January the thermometer reached 90° but once, and that was on October 3, while the nights were always cool and

comfortable, making the entire combination a most ideal one for everyone.

Perhaps no one has done more toward bringing this beach to the attention of the automobile world than Mr. J. F. Hathaway, who, in the winter of 1900, brought one of the first motor cars that ever traversed these hard sands, and thus unknowingly Mr. Hathaway introduced this terrible germ that has infected all tourists and even the native "crackers." As an illustration, of ninety people whom he initiated that winter in automobiling, forty-four immediately contracted the fever and purchased cars within one year.

During the summer "educating the horses" in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, during the winter training the native Floridian in the use and abuse of the motor vehicle, constantly seeking new fields for missionary labor (if this kind of inoculation can be termed missionary work), Mr. Hathaway has at last even tempted the phlegmatic alligator from his native haunts, and Florida tourists must in consequence not be startled should they now encounter these "autogators" which, obeying no law, speed to their heart's content through hummock and swamps and along this far famed Florida beach.

How to Grease Spring Leaves

Few automobile owners recognize the necessity for inserting lubricant between the leaves of the carriage springs of the car. It is claimed by designers that the spiral spring is too lively for motor car suspension purposes, and that a carriage or multiple leaf spring is the right thing, since the friction set up between the plates or leaves reduces the resiliency of the spring sufficiently to bring it down to reasonable non-plunging limits. Granting all this, however, it should be remembered that there is sliding mo-

tion between the spring leaves, and, consequently, lubricant is a necessity if the motion is to be utilized to the best advantage. The chief difficulty found in greasing the opposed surfaces of the leaves is in separating them without interfering with the paint. An excellent tool for doing this is made from a pair of wide blacksmith's tongs set over at the points and sharply wedged to insert between the leaves. By tightly gripping the handles the leaves can readily be separated one after the other, and the grease smeared between them without the separating agent affecting the paint in the slightest degree.

Cleaning Spray Nipples

The engine of the car suddenly stopped, in the way engines do when the gasoline tank runs dry. Investigation quickly showed that in the present instance that this was not the case, but that the supply to the float feed chamber of the carburetter was even profuse. Still, the engine would only run a few revolutions at a time, and as while so doing all four cylinders were working, it was concluded that there must be some foreign substance in the jet. Now, although the clearance of the jet by detaching induction, clutches, pipe, etc., is not a terrible job, still, when night has fallen, and one is anxious to get home, one looks about for an easier means of setting things right, so the engine was run as often and as fast as possible in the hope that it would suck away the obstruction, but it did absolutely nothing of the kind. Then, rather more by luck than by judgment, the carburetter was flooded until the gasoline flowed over the cap covered cup, through which the float spindle protrudes, and then started up the engine once more. This time it went right away, so that the extra head of fuel plus the suction must have cleared the jet.

Motor Car Travel: An Evolution

By Robert Bruce

THE automobilist, like the machine he drives, is in process of evolution; or perhaps it were better said, he is himself the product of an evolution. Within the past two or three years it has become a well-settled conviction that the gradual perfection and fast-growing popularity of the motor car has made possible a new era of travel. It is equally true that the same condition has likewise developed a new kind of traveler.

The latter has taken his place quietly but securely in a long and distinguished line of travelers. Though his machine is (practically at least) a brand new addition to the list of propelling means, he was not long in coming to a complete mastery of it. Now both machine and man have become somewhat necessary fixtures of the times in which we live.

What a wide sweep does the apparently plain and perfectly simple subject of travel cover. Take a moment to survey the field. The horse and the mule are largely pressed into the service of travelers all over the world; the camel and the elephant less so. Camels are chiefly employed in northern Africa and in Asia, where they have for their domain chiefly Arabia, Persia, Turkestan, India and China. The dromedary is a species of camel which bears the same relation to the ordinary camel that the thoroughbred does to the cart-horse.

While the camel can travel thirty miles a day, the dromedary can travel eighty. The ordinary camel will carry from five hundred to six hundred pounds' burden. The length of time a camel can go without water has been greatly exaggerated. If, after the third day of a desert march, it gets no water,

it will die of thirst, often quicker than its human driver.

The motor car is not the only means of travel that must be handled with caution and circumspection by the inexperienced. For the novice the mounting of his dromedary is usually a critical business. With a bold spring he must leap into the saddle for, as soon as he touches this, the animal will bolt up. It rises backward, first on its fore-knees (when the rider must bend his body forward), and immediately afterwards on its long hind-legs, when the rider must bend backwards. Rising upon its fore-legs completes the operation, and the novice is lucky if he has not by this time been hurled out of the saddle onto the ground, or perchance, landed on the beast's neck, two results which offer no choice so far as enjoyment goes.

Primitive riding is anything but easy or comfortable. The slow walk of the camel is bad and tiring enough, but the sensation caused by the trotting of the dromedary might well be likened to that of being tossed violently in a blanket and allowed to fall heavily every minute to two. Your head and shoulders are thrown forward and then backward with a jerk; and as these jerkings average about forty or fifty to the minute, they become after a while almost as maddening in their monotony as the "drop, drop, drop" of water on the victim's head in the old torture-chamber of the Inquisition.

During the first day of the journey you feel somewhat shaken up, but unable to locate your pains; the next day you feel as though your backbone has been removed; and on the third day you find it has returned but has been converted into glass. After that your pains will somewhat subside, and in a

week or so you will have become fairly accustomed to it.

The motion of the elephant is a little preferable to that of the camel. However, its only pace is a walk (which at top speed becomes a sort of shuffle, the legs on the same side moving nearly together), and ten or twelve miles being made under favorable circumstances. This ponderous beast will cover from forty to fifty miles a day with passengers, or it will carry half a ton of cargo at something like half the speed. Elephants are generally ridden sitting cross-legged upon a mattress or cushion in a sort of low box, or howdah, as it is technically termed.

These howdahs for long journeys are frequently covered with a bamboo hood provided with curtains. The driver sits upon the animal's neck, his legs and feet pressed against the huge ears, by means of which it is in part guided. In India, elephants are accustomed to words of command, as "to the right" or "left," "go on," "halt," etc. The driver enforces these orders with an iron-tipped goad, with which they prick the animal's head.

As camels are used largely in the deserts, so elephants are mostly employed in the forests and swamps. The elephant, though so intelligent, often takes fright, like the horse, from some slight or absurd cause beyond the control of the driver, and runs away. In such a case the rider should simply try to keep his seat on its back, for if he seeks safety by jumping off, it will surely turn about and trample him to death or pierce him with its murderous tusks. This is a peculiarity of the beast, as is also that of becoming suddenly insane. The paroxysm may be over in a few minutes, or it may last for hours; but, while it lasts, the elephant is full of malice and very dangerous.

There are many peculiar forms of

conveyance in which men are the motive power. The sedan chair, for example, is used at the present day in Turkey and China. The streets of the cities in these countries have special stands for them, and there is a regular tariff of prices, like that for cabs in London or New York. In Shanghai and some other parts of northern China, a sort of wheelbarrow, without springs, is in extensive use, carrying two passengers. Its use is not confined to the lower class of natives, but it is most uncomfortable. In India there is the palanquin, with which we have been familiar from childhood through pictures in books and the reports of missionaries.

In those you recline at full length. The motion is not disagreeable, and there is the advantage that you have a good view of the country as you pass along. For short journeys in a town, four bearers only are employed, but for excursions into the country there is usually a relay of four more. For long and rapid journeys, as many as sixteen bearers may be required. Indian travelers also use a kind of chair called a dhoolie, with a canvas covering.

Japan has two curious conveyances which correspond in a way to the palanquin and dhoolie of India; one is called a norimon, the other a cango. The former is not uncomfortable, but the latter is certainly very distressing. It consists of little more than an open basket slung on a pole, which is carried by two stout coolies. Your head generally comes too near the pole, and your legs must be thrust outside the basket. It has been said that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity;" and certainly, if there was ever an occasion peculiarly favorable for the intervention of Providence, it is when your extremities are as excruciatingly uncomfortable as in this torture-basket of Japan.

The vehicle *par excellence* of Japan, is

the jinrikisha, a slightly exaggerated copy of one of our ordinary baby-carriages, in which a man pulls you in shafts like those of a hand-cart. It is said that this vehicle was invented by an American, and that the first one used in Asia was imported from San Francisco. They were at first intended for only one person, but occasionally you see them occupied by two. One man is enough to pull you about a town, but for a long journey you need two or three.

In respect to speed and endurance these Japanese coolies are remarkable—factors which are counting so much in the present war in the Far East. Three of them will pull a jinrikisha fifty miles a day, and they have been known to cover sixty-five. The tariff in the large cities is, on an average, about ten cents an hour, or fifty cents a day. Many foreigners keep their own private jinrikishas just as they do their sedan-chairs in China and Turkey, and well-to-do people their carriages and motor cars in the United States and Europe.

The filanzana is peculiar to Madagascar, where it is the universal carriage, the roads being mere trails, often too steep for a horse, or even for a mule. The island contains no wheeled vehicles, and very few horses. The filanzana consists of a sort of chair made of heavy canvas, which is secured to the center of two strong, slender poles about eight feet in length. In front of the chair is a narrow piece of wood, suspended by ropes from the poles and used as a foot-rest. The poles are borne on the shoulders of four men, who lock arms and keep step. The motion is easy, and over good ground it is possible to cover four or five miles an hour.

On excursions or long-distance travel you generally have eight bearers, who relieve each other at periods of a few minutes, in which respect they differ

greatly from the palanquin bearers of India, who do not alternate until one is tired. In Madagascar they often change without slackening speed, even when descending a hill at a brisk trot, or perhaps in the middle of a river. If this is well done you scarcely feel it, but sometimes on a long march the bearers are not over-particular, and you are apt to receive a decided jar every time a new relay comes in. On a fairly good trail one is likely to prefer the filanzana to the horse, since there is no animal to watch and no fear of a spill; and thus one is at liberty to observe a new section of the country and study its inhabitants.

Now for the other side of the shield: there are very many undeveloped possibilities in railway travel, which are bound to come some day. There is no reason why railroad travel should be half as wearisome as it is. Our parlor cars have abolished the difficulty of roaming about inside the train, and our sleeping-berths provide endless amusement in the study of human nature, as one watches the efforts of this or that non-gregarious individual to secure the greatest amount of privacy. There is a good deal of intensely interesting human nature on a through train, if one will but look for it.

Of the luxuries of a palace car train and express steamers it is rather superfluous to speak. In at least one respect they are unsurpassed among all the agencies of travel—in the commissary. If railway travel on one of our through trains is the "poetry of motion" its dining-car is certainly the poetry of gastronomy. And, at the end of it all, the transition literally in a night from ice and snow, sodden skies, overhead wires and clanging trolleys, to the soft, dreamy, dalliance of the semi-tropical Florida—or, with a little more endurance of travel, of the pellucid California

air. Altogether, there can be few enjoyments in life superior, or indeed equal, to that of a mid-winter tour southward or southwestward from gray skies and muddy thoroughfares to the paradise of sunshine and flowers and the calm, restful air of some land where winter is unknown.

The chief trouble with railroad travel is that it is mighty stingy with its best opportunities. It necessarily gives you something of the towns and cities you journey through, but little of the real country. There is always a doubt whether the average tourist has mastered the art of thorough enjoyment by the wayside, or is mainly intent upon reaching a certain point in space without special reference to the pleasure which might be gathered along the route. When we see scenery from the railways, or, at any rate, the near-at-hand scenery, we are, as it were, looking at the brocade of the landscape on the wrong side. We see the pattern awry and upside down. We cut across the roads but do not wind down them. We see the old church or the old manor house, but not in a picture composed by centuries of usage and of kindly human courtesies.

Things as seen from the railway are for the most part set wrong, face the wrong way and, as it were, "grate on the sensitive ear with a slightly mercantile accent." The coal shed or the chimney of the heating apparatus is turned toward us on the train and not the best line of gables or the picturesque old gate. Of course these things have always been seen by the users of the road, but not in the same profusion as now, owing to the use of motor cars. To put it plainly, the dweller in the country district, even when he owns a bicycle, does not really know the roads for more than a radius of fifteen miles from his home. With a motor car he

will have a knowledgable road radius (so to speak) of at least thirty miles. The person who does not own a bicycle has, of course, an even smaller radius: ten miles there and ten miles back is generally the driving limit.

The essential and controlling charm of the motor car is that it increases one's freedom of travel. A metaphysician might describe it as forming a part of a reaction toward individualism and simplicity as a partial offset to the temporary triumph of collectivism as applied to transportation on a basis of bulk. The motorist is, as it were, a freeholder, with all the freeholder's limitations and responsibilities. Still, the charm of independence remains and allows him to start and stop when he likes, entirely independent of his fellows. This charm belongs in theory also to almost any carriage from a donkey cart to a landau; but in practice it does not operate in such cases except over very short distances.

The lust of time saving is too powerful, and gives the advantage to the train. No horse can go even at the rate of twelve miles an hour for three consecutive hours, and at the end of that time be able to go on for another three or four hours, or ten hours. Its tirelessness makes the automobile quite a different mode of transportation from the horse and gives it a superiority in its sphere. In the case of a motor car you have a method of moving from place to place as tireless as a train, and one which for short journeys and (especially) for cross-journeys, is about as quick as the train, and yet essentially individual and independent. In the abstract this explanation of the charm-and-utility of the motor car may sound fantastic and unreal, but take a concrete case of a person living either in a town or in the country, and it can easily be proved.

Let us suppose A to live in the coun-

try and be anxious to make a cross-country journey to a place some thirty miles off. Unless he is very exceptionally placed he will, to accomplish that journey, have first to drive to his local station, and then to take his ticket and go a journey which will very likely take him an hour and a half's traveling and half an hour's waiting and, finally, another drive from the railway station of arrival to the house he wants to visit. In all probability the whole cross journey by train will take him at least three hours, and will require to be taken at one time, and one time only in the day and must, therefore, cause him a good deal of trouble, friction and annoyance. He could not possibly avoid this worry by using a horse and carriage, for no horse could go sixty miles in a day without injury. If, however, he has a motor car he can "do" the journey in two hours and a half, and be able to start when he pleases and return when he desires.

Again, though the country is covered with a net-work of steel rails, few of us actually live by the railways. The road is, as it were, the first wife of man, and though a generation or so ago he took a new wife home, he really never discarded the first, and she has in reality always remained nearest to him and has always held his home. Nothing can take that away from her. We live on the roads and they are part and parcel of our daily bread. We look down the road for the homcomer or the new-comer. Our gates open on the road. The road is always with us.

But the motor car belongs to the road and makes us free of it and able to use it for our own pleasure, or our convenience, in a way which we could not attain before. Or, to be more correct, the motor has restored the road to us. When railway traveling was so immeasurably quicker and easier than road traveling,

we were forced to give up the pleasure our fathers had taken in the road, for mankind in general cannot or will not lose time. Now, however, the road has been revived, and it looks like a thoroughgoing, permanent renewal.

We hope the day will come when a more exhaustive and pointedly local series of guide books will be brought out for the benefit of travelers in our own country. Not merely (or even mainly) devoted to reminiscences of our wars—there are people to whom a story of bloodshed is not the most interesting, or even pleasant for a constancy, but rather the numerous little local differentiae which meet one on the way, so that as the tourist crosses this or that stream or even a certain belt of woodland, there may be something with which to identify it permanently in memory.

Many of the Indian and other legends which attach to certain localities in our own country have already been utilized, and the sybarite in local nomenclature would fain have every rill which he sweeps past identified with the name of some vanished tribe or its poetic symbolism. In lieu thereof we have too often the recurrence of old-country names, pleasant from association, but a mere duplication of the names of villages, streams, mountains and other features which exist otherwheres in the world to-day.

And townships are often spoiled for all purposes of real poetic identification by being dubbed "Venice" or "Tully" or "Cicero," and so on all through the range of Lempriere's dictionary. This, in New York State (and there is no more conspicuous example), it is said was the work of Governor De Witt Clinton, who was called upon during his term of office to name hundreds of townships. Finally he retreated to classic nomenclature in absolute despair.

The Indians, however, rough and savage as they were, had a keen eye for the beauties of their camping-grounds, with a wonderful adaptation of their tongues to the multiplication of such names. It is altogether likely that hundreds of streams and mountain-slopes, beautiful valleys and other natural features, had names given to them which, if kept, would have added greatly to the charm of the tourist's first sight of them. For a jingle is always pleasant in the ears of one who is out for pleasure, no matter what the nature of his conveyance. How infinitely more pleasing and suggestive, for instance, is "Conemaugh" than "Johnstown" (which lies on its banks), or "Shenandoah" than "Harper's Ferry" (which exists at its romantically beautiful entrance into the Potomac).

We all know that the local objects of interest in these smiling valleys and along these romantic rivers have never yet been adequately written up. They will some day prove a rich mine of story—it may be of romantic legend interwoven with notes of latterday travel—for the man or woman who has the time and facilities for digging up the necessary material. An acquaintance with the country through which one passes cannot fail to add to the charm of the journey; and here is where the individually-owned motor car is way ahead of any other vehicle of travel. As the Great National Road extending in its early conceptions from Baltimore and Washington to the Mississippi River (but not entirely completed from end to end) becomes better known to the automobile fraternity, perhaps something well worth while will come of this suggestion.

"To be a good traveler," writes a favorite essayist, "argues one no ordinary philosopher. A sweet landscape must sometimes be allowed to atone for an

indifferent supper, and an interesting ruin charm away the remembrance of a hard bed." We have in this country no ruins to speak of in landscape, and there need not be any hard beds, for all hostelry of these days are near enough to centers of industrial production to lodge a traveler on any sort of a couch he pleases.

It was doubtless the fact that Sam Johnson liked public-houses better than his own that led him to declare "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." A noted hotel keeper is credited with the remark that he never knew a man to find fault with what he got at a hotel except a man who had nothing good at home.

There is not the slightest doubt that, however we may differ as to ruins and inns, we must now have roads. That any era of travel should be inaugurated minus the horse would have appeared to Don Quixote the very paradox of paradoxes. But the new dispensation is already here. The horse, of noble memory, in passing from our city streets, goes to a happier existence. Dismal racks of bone will soon cease to struggle over stony roads. A large part of life, for man and the beasts in his employ, is spent in getting from place to place and back again, and all that part of life is brightened by the skill and enterprise which digs through rocks and harnesses vehicles to an electric question mark.

As nature is fond of reversions, the earlier types of motor cars will probably revive the leisure of the old stage coach without its lumbering gait and its long delays at disagreeable places for fresh horses and refreshed men. It may come in time to more nearly resemble the private coach with the deep box for the savory hamper of the lord of a manor, who could take his ease at his own inns

all over his estate. If labor has grown too expensive for the luxury of a redundant retinue, the new motor requiring little feed, less grooming, and least harness, will enable its users to enjoy life more thoroughly at far less cost than the horse and the hostler required.

But good roads are indispensable for a propitious realization of the new era of travel. As the wheels will have to depend upon the ordinary road bed without the aid of rails, it will be necessary to adapt grades to the motor's power of resistance. The roads of Europe are the best in the world. Many an automobilist flies like an arrow over the pathways laid by Cæsar's engineers. In the British Islands the awful days of famine find their least harrowing monuments in roads paved by men, and even by women and children, who cemented their stones and gravel with the tears of hunger, exchanged for a government dole.

On the American road, in portions of the land having rock instead of sponge surface, the motor car will suffer less from friction, but in the great mid-continent the desperate turnpike awaits the newcomer with ruts of spring, ditches of autumn, and dust clouds of mid-summer, to daunt the vainest or appall the most heroic.

If convicts may not work at competitive industries within prison walls, why shall then not assist in hastening the new era of travel by making rural thoroughfares for the State? Organized communities may be trusted to keep the streets in repair without municipal boundaries, but the long stretches of driveways between town and country involve for right construction and efficient maintenance an outlay which should not be charged to the local taxpayer. The State should use the men in its institutions to keep these roads fit for society and commerce. Nor is it

likely that the prisoners would themselves object to such occupation in reasonable weather against the more dreary hardships of inclosure. Many questions will come in with this new era of transportation, and possibly one that will find a rightful solution thereby will be a partial use of State captives.

The motor car shod with air, so that its occupants ride literally on the "wings of the wind," is the easiest and most comfortable of all the means of travel past or present. It escapes the dust and heavy jolting of the railroad train, and is certainly more comfortable than riding on the backs of burden-bearing beasts or any man-drawn conveyance of whatever sort. It is safe from fright—except at times the fright of its driver—and its mechanical efficiency, well-guarded and well-maintained, is safe beyond anything else yet devised.

Held under intelligent control there is no savage instinct to reckon with, nor is there the limitation in respect to distance of primitive means of transportation. Motoring in groups, in families, in parades has become so fashionable that no one unless he chooses need journey alone. If some type or other of self-driven machine does not form a part of the regular outfit of the professional traveler, it is probably more because he is prone to seek places where motoring is not feasible than because he does not include it in the list of his accomplishments.

Hardening of Gear Wheels

Gear wheels should be hardened in accordance with the work they have to do. Thus if two wheels are running constantly in mesh without any sudden strains being called into play they are commonly hardened right out, but if they are used as in sliding transmission gears where a sudden strain is constantly being put upon them, as when

changing gear, case hardening only is permissible. The reason for case hardening is essentially this: When cast steel is hardened it loses its fibrous nature, and, though its strength goes up in certain directions, it becomes more brittle and has less to give. Where the metal is case hardened the face of it only is affected, and the internal fibrous structure of the metal is retained, so that, while the requisite wearing property is secured for the external faces, the ultimate strength of the teeth is not altered.

Broken Balls in Bearings

Those owning cars with bevel gear driven live axles and road driving wheels running on ball bearings should have the bearings examined from time to time, as balls frequently fracture therein, and yet do not, often for long periods, appear to affect the running of the car. Nevertheless there is the probability that a portion or portions of the broken balls may get across or bind in the ball races, and either score them badly, or by jamming there hold the axle fast, and bring about its fracture. A case is recalled by the writer where several balls had so broken, though up to the time of their discovery the car had run and free-wheeled as well as ever. The broken balls were found to be split in halves, and, judging by the aspect of the fractures, they had evidently been running as whole balls for a long time, the broken surfaces having rubber together until they were quite smooth. The owner of another car of the same make, seeing what had happened to the vehicle above referred to, ordered the wheels and axle bearings on his car to be investigated, with the result that three balls similarly broken were found in the off side driving wheel bearing. In all this no blame attaches to the makers of the car, for hardened

steel balls are unknown quantities, and so long as they are procured from the best sources and are properly gauged, it is impossible to say just how the hardening has affected the ball, and its future life is a gamble.

The Maid and the Motor Car

Blithe was Amy and debonair,

Gay was her laughter light and free,
Bright were her hazel eyes and fair,
Sweet were her red, ripe lips to me,
Soft was the light on land and sea,
Over us shone love's fairest star—
But, alas! it was not to be—
She was caught by a motor car.

Dream of Sibyl, with raven hair,
Vision of passionate ecstasy;
Banishing sordid fear and care,
Bitter sweet are my thoughts of thee;

Hand in hand o'er vale and lea
Ever we wandered near and far—
But, alas! it was not to be—
She was caught by a motor car.

Lydia, maiden of queenly air,
Tall and stately and fair was she,
Sighing soft at my ardent prayer,
Blushing deep at my lover's plea,
Loath with a sweet timidity,
Dearest of all who were or are—
But, alas! it was not to be—
She was caught by a motor car.

L'ENVOI.

Sad, oh, sad, was the Fates' decree!
Still from my arms they love debar,
For, alas! it was not to be—
Each was caught by a motor car.

Saving Time and Creating Business

"You run that new car of yours very fast through the streets," said the friend of the doctor. "Yes," replied the man of pills and bills, "I'm always in a hurry to get there, and, besides, when times are a little dull, I can always pick up a few cases on the way."

Misfiring's Causes and Cures

By James E. English

THE following is a fairly complete and exhaustive enumeration of, the prime causes of what is, perhaps, one of the most troublesome ailments of motor vehicles driven by gasoline motors, i. e., misfiring. The trouble causers are described in the order of their probability, so far as my experience goes.

The commonest cause is, first, a faulty mixture. Too much air or too much gas will both cause misfiring; but the mixture trouble happens undoubtedly oftenest to a careful driver. The remedy is obvious.

A loose connection, whether in the primary (low tension) or secondary (high tension) circuit, is also a frequent cause of misfiring. A loose wire, it is true, may be in contact and allow the first explosion to take place. The vibration of this, however, shakes the wire free, and the machine misfires, even though a second explosion takes place soon after. In order to exclude misfiring from this cause, all connections should be gone over, screwed up tight, and, if necessary, carefully cleaned. A very slight covering of rust or mud on the contact face of the switch or cam will also cause misfiring. A broken wire will do the same.

The next commonest cause of misfiring is perhaps a sparking plug fouled with soot. This has never yet occurred to me; but an external spark gap in the secondary current is said to get over this difficulty. Prevention is better than

cure, and one should see that over lubrication is not made a practice of, and that the lubricating oil used is of the best.

Accumulators that have nearly run down give rise to a series of explosions which seem all the more violent because of the irregular misfiring which they produce. Everyone who has handled a car for a few months knows what I mean. This is the signal to switch on one's spare accumulators. It is perfectly useless to add these to the exhausted cells, for the latter only reduce the fresh cells to their own level. By lessening the gap between the points of the spark plug, one may be able to get home; but otherwise the nearest house is the best residence for the car "till daylight doth appear," or fresh cells do.

Short circuiting may account for misfiring—that is to say, the current may be leaking to earth by the contact of a naked wire with the machine, or by defects in the spark plug. A spark may be formed elsewhere than between the points of the plug (as a rule this can be easily seen in the dark), rendering a fresh plug necessary, i. e., if the defect cannot be made good. This was a common failing in the earlier plugs made, and is by no means unknown in those of the present day.

A loose platinum tip to the trembler, whether on the coil or on the cam or commutator, would appear to be an exceedingly common occurrence by the frequency with which it is mentioned in motor hand-books. Erosion of the



A LINE OF 1905 MUFFLERS

cement material of the plug, allowing the platinum points of the plug to swing loose, may also be a cause for misfires.

A still rarer cause is a leaking cylinder, where the cylinder head closes the water-jacket. In this case loss of power occurs, and splashing of water can be heard in the cylinder. A fresh packing will probably be required, but recourse should first be had to tightening the nuts of the joint, the cylinder then being drained of water.

To sum it all up when in doubt, with fresh accumulators, clean connections well screwed up, and well-insulated wires, practically the only remaining cause of misfiring is a defective sparking plug or faulty mixture or bad gasoline—the last being very unlikely. The above being made good, an external spark gap is of little advantage. Generally speaking, there ought to be no misfiring—I have omitted mention of the influence of cold weather in the case of surface carburetters, for this is more often a cause of non-firing altogether than of misfiring while running.

Road Wheel Bearings

Steering wheel bearings are frequently much more neglected than is at all good for them. If the wheel runs on ball bearings and no lubricator is provided to the hub barrel, as is often the case, the axle cap should be detached from time to time, and being filled flush with grease, which is preferable for this purpose, should be replaced and screwed down tight again. This has the effect of forcing the lubricant past the adjusting cone to the outer bearing and along the wheel spindle to the inner ball bearing, both of which require lubrication just as much as any other frictional part. Axle caps should be charged in this way, at least once in every three hundred or four hundred miles. When

the axle cap is detached for this purpose the opportunity should be taken to adjust the ball bearing by means of the cone. A ball bearing should run with absolute freedom, but should have no side shake whatever, which shake can be detected by pulling and pushing sideways with the hand on the top of the wheel. If the wheel is not found solid on its bearing but little shocks are felt, then adjustment is necessary, but in no case must the adjusting cone be tightened up so as to prevent freedom of rotation. The wheel must be jacked up in order to test all of this perfectly.

What Lack of Lubrication Does

Faulty and uncertain lubrication is the parent, nurse, and chief promoter of growth for the scrap heap, and for the junk man's prosperity. All experienced engineers know that journal bearings which never run dry scarcely wear at all, because the film of lubricant holds the surfaces apart and prevents metallic contact, hence prevents abrasion of the metal, unless it be from gritty substances having found their way into the lubricant used, or into the bearings, through oil holes or other openings.

Some Short Circuits

A smile fits well on almost any kind of a face.

Mistakes are the mileposts along the highway to success.

Fame is like the cake of soap the baby wants. It may not be altogether lovely when you get it.

When Adam woke up after the extraction of his rib he probably found Eve carefully feeling of her back hair.

Some men base their claims for the possession of wisdom upon the mere fact that their pockets never were picked.



Battery Sulphating

By Oscar J. Ahlstrom

SULPHATING in a storage battery can generally be avoided or cured by proper treatment if it has not gone too far. The normal chemical reaction which occurs in storage batteries is supposed to produce lead sulphate on both plates when they are discharged, their color being usually light brown and gray. But under certain circumstances a whitish scale forms on the plates, whereupon plates thus coated are said to be "sulphated." This term is, therefore, somewhat ambiguous, since the formation of a certain proportion of ordinary lead sulphate is perfectly legitimate; but the word has acquired a special significance in this connection. A plate is inactive, and practically incapable of being charged, when it is covered with this white coating or sulphate, as it is a non-conductor.

The conditions under which this objectionable sulphating is likely to occur are as follows: (1) Batteries may be over-discharged—that is, run below the limits of voltage specified, and left in that condition for several hours. (2) Batteries may be left discharged for some time, even though the limits have not been exceeded. (3) The electrolyte may be too strong. (4) The electrolyte

may be too hot (above 125 degrees F.). (5) A short circuit may cause sulphating because the cell becomes discharged (on open circuit), and when charging it receives only a low charge compared with the other cells of the series. A battery may become over-charged or remain discharged a long time on account of leakage of current due to defective insulation of the cells or circuit; or the plates may become short-circuited by particles of the active or foreign substances falling between them.

Sulphating may be removed by carefully scraping the plates. The faulty cells should then be charged at a low rate (about one-half normal) for a long period. In this way, by fully charging and only partially discharging the cells for a number of times, the unhealthy sulphate is gradually eliminated. When the cells are only slightly sulphated, the latter treatment is sufficient without scraping; when the cells are very badly sulphated, the charge should be at about one-quarter the normal rate for three days.

Adding to the electrolyte a small quantity of sodium sulphate or carbonate, which latter is immediately converted into sodium sulphate, tends to hasten

the cure of sulphated plates by decomposing or dissolving the unhealthy sulphate. This is not often used in practice, as a cell must be emptied, thoroughly washed, and fresh electrolyte added after the plates have been restored to their proper condition, before the cell can be used to advantage.

Lubrication of Steering Pivots

The question of properly moving steering pivots is rather a neglected one. Of late makers have taken to drilling the pins and inserting lubricators, but the usual method is still to cover the pivots with a leather casing and then fill up with grease. Now, if at any time it should be found necessary to remove the leather there is the utmost difficulty in replacing it. The reason is not hard to seek, since in the first place the leather is just twisted round the rod and arm and bound with wire. It is not difficult to arrange this differently so that not only can the leather be taken off and easily replaced, but so that at the same time it will make a tighter job and retain the grease better. The joints should be studied and the leather cut so that

the flat piece of leather is a development of the parts which it has to cover—that is to say, when properly cut the leather will resemble a T somewhat, the tail wrapping about the distance rod and the cross piece folding over and inclosing the steering arm. Two thongs should be left cut diagonally from the junction of the tail with the cross piece, these thongs wrapping over and completing the case at the joint.

Reckless

Dan Cupid in another guise
Is on the field of action;
We find him as a chauffeur bold
The center of attraction.

The racing car which he speeds
With "Love" is plainly labeled,
And every maid or man he hits
Is hopelessly disabled.

On the golf links he's a goose,
Hoofs at tennis like a moose,
At bridge whist his head is never on
the level.

On the beach he looks a guy,
In the ballroom he is shy,
But he runs a big racing car to beat
the devil.



Feuilleton

By Marstyn Pollough-Pogue

THE heroes of the dim past, the splendid and heroic figures on the tapestry of history, of whom song-smiths have sung, were thoroughbred sportsmen. Their veins were filled with good red sporting blood. They had no motor cars, but they did the best they could with horse-drawn chariots. Races between chariots drawn by four-horse teams, with love, fame and all else that men hold dear, as guerdons, must have been rather fierce, especially when two of three chariots were swinging around a corner, abreast.

At that time conditions were healthier; surely they were more wholesome. There was nothing decadent in the land. Every day there was death to face, pain to bear, and life to defend.

My own ancestors were outlaws, who lived up to the primal rule: "He takes who has the power; he keeps who can." They were stout, full-blooded brigands, with brave hearts; they bade defiance to their overlords and died cheerfully in their jack-boots.

Though I am not as good a man as they (how I wish I were), I have in me a dim replica of their free, adventurous, soldier-of-fortune spirit, and that is why I am so impatient of the timid-hearted gentlemen who cannot see any sport in hazard or encounter, or any joy in excitement, and who would prohibit motor car racing because it is dangerous, and the recreant editors who say, in their papers, as many venomous things about motorists, as, for instance, Monsieur

Edouard Drumont has said about the Jews in *La Libre Parole*.

But with eight-tenths of Americans the healthy sporting tendency is strong. Contests thrills them like the pealing of martial music. As long as the love of sport remains, our men will be strong and gallant, and our women fair and



true, and there will be little degeneracy in the land.

* * * * *

The bronze-enameled and gold-stained and scarlet-lacquered leaves were falling, falling, falling from the birches, and on the hill-slopes the maple flamed like camp-fires.

The tender witchery of Indian Summer was upon the land; a smoky haze dimmed the contours of the far-away hills.

From the huge grand stand thousands of men and women looked down upon

the broad ocher-colored track, which was spread out before them like a blueprint, its ovoid form flattened by perspective. A splendidly trained brass band filled the air with the soul-arousing surge and thunder of a slow-swinging classic.

Presently a race was started. Two monster motor cars, one aluminum colored and the other black, each practically all engine, having no body except two small racing seats, shot across the starting line and went leaping up the course at a speed greater than that of the swiftest railway train.

Spanking the air with crashing detonations from open-throated exhaust pipes, the two cars dashed abreast up the track with the rush and the velocity of giant projectiles. Great clouds of dust tossed up from the skidding rear wheels as they clawed wildly around the curve, lurching drunkenly. Suddenly the aluminum colored car sprang past the black machine.

The resonant music of a deep-throated cheer roared and thundered from the grand stand, rising and falling plangently.

The driver of the black racer swayed forward over the steering wheel. I knew that in his soul was aroused the eager chase-lust of the hunter. He had power in reserve. There was a quick movement of his fingers over the top of the steering wheel. I knew that he had drawn his engine throttle to the end of its sector, opening his inlet valves full. Like a monster bird of prey the big black car swooped upon the gray machine, flew past her, swung around the turn with a quick lurch that lifted the outside wheels from the track, sailed up the straight and bounded over the finish line.

A roar of applause went up from the crowded stand. The winner set his brakes and checked the skimming flight

of his machine just as the aluminum colored car swept past him, sucking up a cloud of dust. The black machine stopped within a few feet of the fence behind which I stood, and despite the rifle-cracks of the exhaust fulminating at the mouths of the exhaust pipes, I could hear the hissing song of the magneto and the engine pounding because the connecting rods were loose in the pistons.

The driver was a handsome, square-shouldered young man, bright-eyed as an eagle. He had a square-built face, bronzed by the sun and the wind. Cool audacity and a cheerful *insouciance* had won him reputation. The newspapers had exalted him; they had spread the butter of praise too thick. But newspapers are weathercocks. Now they had swung about and were deriding him.

Better That Way

The scorcher behind the wheel is stern and grim,

Of motoring's strife he has to bear the brunt;

But all the same, I'd sooner serve with him

Behind the wheel than be the man in front.

No Credit to Him

"Why did he get an automobile?"

"Because the possession of one gave him a line of credit that enabled him to beat other people out of more than it cost."

Doomsday

Gabriel was blowing the last trump.

"Confound it," yelled the New Yorker, "another of those infernal automobiles!"

Hastily sidestepping from the imaginary foe, he found that the end had come in a different way.

Playing Fox

By Minnie Mackenzie

THE day was bright and clear, and the string of automobiles lined up for the day's sport were spotless in their coats of varnish, polish and paint.

"We'll have a good hunt breakfast when we return," explained Cromwell, who had arranged for the meet, and had explained the rules of the new game of motor fox and hounds. "The hounds or foxes pay for it according to which wins. See?"

Yes, we all understood. The foxes had gone forth to distribute the papers marking their trail so that we could pick it up at various points, only to lose it at others. It was the old game of our younger days, but played with automobiles instead of hounds or horses there was a mild measure of excitement about it that promised to reward us for an early day's start. Cromwell was English, and though the day was Washington's Birthday he insisted upon an early morning chase, with a breakfast after the hunt was over.

"It will give us an appetite," he explained. "A keen run of forty miles in the morning air, on an empty stomach, is better than any tonic of drugs. Wait and see!"

There was disgusted opposition to this conclusion, but Cromwell always had his way. So we lined up for the hunt. Ten minutes' start was all that the foxes were allowed.

"One minute—two—three—four—five!" shouted the starter. "Now ready for the tenth! Six—seven—eight—nine—ten!"

There were a buzz and whirr of enmeshing gears, and ten cars shot across the line and scurried down the country road in the direction of the foxes. The cars were bunched in the run, for the road was too narrow for more than

three abreast. So we strung out in Indian file. The leader took the trail from the few papers distributed along the roadway, and even at the slow speed of fifteen or twenty miles an hour we soon made the dust fly.

Presently the leaders reduced their speed, and when they came to a fork in the road they stopped short. The scent had been lost. Some took the road to the right, and others the one to the left. In a few moments those on the right shouted loudly that they had picked up the trail. We happened to be on the right road, and we thus gained the lead though starting last over the line.

"We must keep it now," the driver of our car said, as he pushed the lever over to the last notch.

But he reckoned without his host if he thought this was a simple matter, for the trail of papers suddenly disappeared from the roadway, and it was impossible to find it again.

"Lost it!" he grumbled. "They must have cut across the field or down that lane."

Several rival hounds were already nosing around the field and lane, but not one showed any desire to trust his car from the main highway.

"They couldn't have taken the field or the lane," grumbled one. "The foxes were only women, and no women would dare run down such a rough place."

There was general consent to this, but a moment later one of the party who had dismounted shouted from the field: "Papers! Here's the trail!"

"That's only a blind," exclaimed Cromwell. "They'd never attempt it. The field grows thick and boggy half a mile on."

"Then where is the right trail?" asked some one.

"I'll show you. It's beyond here. We haven't gone far enough."

Now would a woman take that field, or would she stick to the main highway? That was the problem suddenly presented to us. Most of the hounds answered it by following Cromwell, who dashed away at a terrific speed. Our driver started to follow; we stopped him.

"The chances are even that this is no blind," I said. "I'm going to try cross-country riding. We'll take the lane, and then the meadows below."

"But the bogs? We can't do it! We'll be wrecked."

Something fluttering in the distance caught my eye. Was it a maple leaf prematurely reddened by the summer sun, or was it the flutter of a red cap? I had seen one jauntily placed on the head of a fox before the start.

"I'll risk it," I said, "if I have to do it alone."

"Well, so far's I'm concerned, it's alone you go," responded the driver."

"And I'm not anxious to break my neck either. I'll stay here."

This mutiny in the pack did not deter me. They were all too much concerned about their precious bones to take the risk of a little sport. The other cars would soon return, and they would be picked up.

"All right! I'll try the run alone. I'll meet you at the hunt breakfast!"

I swung my cap in farewell, and then turned the car down the lane. It was rough and rocky at first, and the watchers behind called to me to return before it was too late; but where the foxes had gone I could go, too.

Beyond the turn in the lane the trail of papers appeared again. There was no blind about them—not unless the foxes had wasted valuable time by dismounting and distributing them around on foot. That was not likely, and with renewed enthusiasm I proceeded. What

a trick it would be to capture the foxes single-handed while the rest of the hounds wandered hopelessly across the country?

The bogs of the meadows soon appeared, and they were certainly calculated to make one feel anything but comfortable. The wheels of the big touring car slipped and bumped along, slashing mud and water around freely. I finally stopped to puzzle out how the foxes with their light runabouts could have crossed such a place.

A little way ahead was relief in the shape of an oasis of higher ground, heavily timbered on one side. If I could reach that I might find my way back to solid ground. The trail still led on a few yards, and then disappeared entirely. I was soon lost in the meadow, caught in a quagmire of mud and grass, with no signs of the game in view.

It was discouraging, after vaunting my knowledge of feminine tricks and ways in the face of the majority, thus to be caught. With difficulty I forced my heavy machine toward the grove of trees and then breathed a sigh of relief. I was at least temporarily rescued from the bogs and weeds.

I stood irresolute by the mud-bespattered machine when my eyes suddenly caught sight of the trail a dozen feet ahead. I sprang forward, and then jubilantly exclaimed: "It's the trail, and it leads up to the grove. Where the foxes can go I can!"

When I jumped into the car once more I started for the trees, following the trail of strewn papers which had been caught in the bogs and grass. A dozen yards from the trees I glanced upward to make out the route more clearly. As I did so I saw something which made me giddy with delight. Resting quietly in the shade of the trees were the three foxes—three captivating faces hooded with gleaming red.

They were the tamest foxes that ever hound ran to earth. Their smile of welcome disconcerted me. I had certainly caught them alone and single-handed; but how was I to deliver them? How were we to return in time for the hunt breakfast?

"Are you the only hound on the trail?" one asked anxiously.

"Yes. The others took it for a blind, and are wandering afield in the other direction."

"Then"—looking inquiringly at her companions—"will you compromise with us? We're in a trap, and so are you. We can help you out if you will help us."

There was no disputing my position; I was certainly in a quagmire of bogs and meadow grass that apparently had no ending. My ready consent brought forth quick response for them.

"It's this way," the speaker for the cornered foxes continued. "We know the way out of this horrible meadow, but we have no means of moving. Our cars have broken down in the bogs, and we—we're unable to get back to the clubhouse. Now you—you don't know the way out of the bogs; but we'll show you if you'll haul us out—that is, our cars."

"How many of you—three?" I asked, figuring up the weight of the runabouts, and wondering if my heavy car would be equal to the task.

"Yes, three—but they're all light. Will you make the bargain? If not—well, we'll not show you how to get out."

There was no parleying over the bargain. With the three foxes beside me and three light runabouts hitched on behind, we started across the bogs. It was a strain for even my sixty-horse power, but the car was equal to the task. Winding through the bogs was a comfortably hard and smooth road, which one of the foxes knew as a pilot

knows the channels, and along this we rolled until we struck the main highway. Then homeward we started at a racing gait.

Half way there the sound of horns alarmed us. Down the highway appeared a cloud of dust, and glimpses of shining wheels could be seen flashing through it. The foxes turned anxiously, and one exclaimed in dismay:

"It's all up with us. The hounds are after us, and we'll be captured before we reach the club. What can we do?"

"They'll never catch us," I exclaimed. "Not unless something breaks."

But the big car I owned was not equal to the triple task. The drag of three runabouts was too much for it. Slowly they overhauled us. Then it was only a question of minutes before we would be run down. There was only one thing to do.

Leaping over, we cut the rope trailing behind. Three broken-down runabouts suddenly stopped in the middle of the road, completely blocking it for a few minutes. In that interval we had a chance to gain a dozen rods. Relieved of the drag, the big car shot forward and won the race by a quarter of a mile.

When the rest of the hounds came



limping in there was chagrin written on every face. Who won? And who was to pay for the breakfast? I was satisfied to leave the solution to wiser heads; I had no reason to fear that I was concerned. And the foxes protested that the clamorous hounds had not caught them; therefore, it was a question for them to settle among themselves.

The breakfast was a great success; but the dispute waxed hot until all were satisfied. Then the foxes retired and the bill was settled without a murmur.

On the Overland Trail

Here's a song for the days, the heroic
old days

When the West tried the mettle of
resolute men,

Ere the sun of Progression had melted
the haze

Of mystery hiding the land from our
ken.

Here's a song for the heroes, the
"cusses" so tough,

Who popped their great whips when
the schooners set sail

And sang their wild songs as their pipes
they would puff

While pounding along on the Over-
land trail.

Not a snap of the calloused old fingers
cared they

For the dangers awaiting them out
on the plains

As they yelled at their bulls and went
rolling away

In the alkali dust of the slow-moving
trains.

Away through the billows of flickering
heat,

Upheld by a courage that never could
fail,

With a sneer for the perils they knew
they would meet

While pounding along on the Over-
land trail.

The signal from scouts who were sleuth-
ing ahead;

The parking of wagons with panicless
haste;

The wild savage yells that would waken
the dead;

The Indian sally defiantly faced.

The battle, the flight of the reds in de-
feat;

Some graves over which the coyotes
would wail;

And on moved the train through the
shimmering heat

That quivered and danced on the
Overland trail.

Where now are the heroes who swung
the great whips

That popped o'er the backs of the la-
boring bulls,

Who chose not the language that rolled
from their lips

When the wheels furrowed sand in
the hardest of pulls?

But few yet are dodging the Reaper's
keen blade,

Yet totter down life's ever-narrowing
vale—

Yet linger and dream of the parts that
they played

While pounding along on the Over-
land trail.

Here's a song for the lively old days
that are gone,

Are now but a blur upon memory's
page,

When the fastest of freight was by bull
power drawn

And the fastest of travel was the lum-
bering stage.

The tourist who now in rare luxury
rolls

In motor car o'er hill and through
dale

Gives never a thought to the valiant old
souls

Who pounded along on the Over-
land trail.

From the Personal Point of View

IT is with sincerest regret that the announcement is here made that "The Senator," the man who has so long made these pages bright with his quips, snappy with his comments, and instructive with his criticisms, has decided to accept the call

which the far broader field for his talents has long made upon him, and henceforth readers of these pages, like his associates on the magazine, will know him no more. That all will miss his unfailing and unflagging zeal, good humor and intense enthusiasm goes without saying. That we would have had him remain with the magazine when the broader field of action and usefulness called him elsewhere is not, of course, possible.

From almost the first day that THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE came into the hands of its present owners, W. J. Morgan has been a tower of strength, and been called upon to bear the brunt of the battle which has ever to be waged where place is to be won. It is given to few men to have as many friends as

Mr. Morgan, or to be as honored by the class of the few who have paid him the compliment of approving his efforts to promote the best interests of automobiling. How successful Mr. Morgan has been in his efforts in this direction

needs only a glance at Ormond, Mt. Washington or Long Branch to convince anyone who is content to acknowledge himself as being so ill-informed as not to be already aware of it all. It is along the lines of the affairs named that Mr. Morgan will in future devote all of the indomitable energy and unquestioned ability he possesses in so unusual a degree. That he will make a success of his few labors there can be no doubt whatever, that



"The Senator," W. J. Morgan

automobiling in general will be greatly the gainer by the loss THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE experiences, and that Mr. Morgan will be also, are the things which tend to lessen the sincere sorrow we feel at losing so able and so loyal a friend. Wherever he may go, and whether good fortune or ill be meted

out to him, Mr. Morgan will find that the loyalty of those who know him best, his employers and fellow workers of THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE, will never fail him, nor their regret at his departure be less keen than it is at this moment when parting they wish him Godspeed and success in his new life.

WHENEVER a man makes himself the motor for one single idea, and gets people to listen to him, he weakens and injures the cause which he represents. When he asserts that there is but one road leading to Rome, he shows that his journeys have been circumscribed—that he has not gone beyond soup on the menu of experience. Such a man always makes me think of the empiric who conquered all disease by using the bark from a single tree.

From this one kind of bark he prepared three different specifics, to which he gave the scientific names of Highbobalorum, Lowbobahigrum and Highlowbustem. For the first-named he peeled the bark from the bottom of the tree upward; for the second he peeled the bark downward, and for the third he peeled the bark around the trunk of the tree. Highbobalorum was an emetic, Lowbobahigrum was a cathartic and Highlowbustem was a "rank pizen." And with these three he conquered everything from bellyache to cerebro-spinal meningitis and sic semper maginnis.

All of which is respectfully addressed to those good and patient people who have listened long and wearily to the monograph of that garrulous but estimable gentleman who is to be found almost everywhere now proclaiming that there is but one thing in the world and that is an automobile. It would be an excellent thing if this type of

"enthusiast" was a passing in place of a growing type.

STANDING on the corner of Sixth avenue and Forty-second street, on a recent snowy and slushy evening, were a number of the good citizens of New York, most of whom were evidently, like me, waiting for a crosstown car to carry us toward the Grand Central Depot. Around the corner from Sixth avenue lurched and rolled one of those Noah Arks of transportation—an electric hansom. The engineer in chief thereof, safely perched upon his lofty seat, with the profound disregard for the public which he and his kind come by so naturally, picked out an extra nice and dirty slushy spot, and wallowing through it liberally bespattered the good citizens who awaited the coming of the long-delayed car. Some of the aforesaid citizens, of whom I was one, said things to each other and ourselves which were neither complimentary nor polite, concerning cab men in general and this particular electroplated one in particular. The nearest sufferer to me of the splash was a man whose clothing and his manner of wearing it betokened the man of the world and of affairs as well. First removing the worst of the inundation from his trousers and his overcoat, the gentleman without making any comment of any kind boarded the car, which had by this time arrived, and after he had paid his little five cents like all the rest of us, took from an inner pocket a note book and in it made a memorandum of some kind.

Replacing the book in his pocket, his eyes met mine and I was looking into the ever smiling face of George H. Day, the man whose name and whose deeds have been on everyone's lips during the motor show week. Neither of us alluded to the perfor-

mance of the cab driver, but I'd like to bet an antique doughnut or two that before that offending electrolytic employee of the Electric Cab Company was twenty-four hours older he learned something about the inadvisability of splashing mud upon at least one of New York's citizens. If there was any moral in the incident it was that once again was it proven that shoemakers' children do go barefoot, since here was George H. Day, the man of all others who could ride free in any electric cab for any length of time, calmly waiting on a muddy street corner for a crowded trolley car for the dubious pleasure of traveling in which he would be called upon to pay five cents in preference to occupying an electric cab all to himself at no expense. That's democracy for you, and it is the possession of a whole lot of such good old New England democracy in his make up that has made George H. Day the successful business man and affable gentleman which he is.

OF course there are many more ways of killing a dog than by choking him to death with butter. So there are quite a number of methods of purchasing publicity without paying its market price or buying it in the open. I know where you can go and get all sorts of free mention in one of the big dailies merely through taking space in a little weakly sheet which is owned, managed, financed, published or something else by a man who is the fourth sub-assistant general to the vice-president of this particular big daily's puffery department. The price the daily asks for service in this direction is very high, but when you buy it indirectly at the figure asked for space in the weakly coupled with a guarantee that if you stay in the weakly you'll be starred in the daily, I

really can't see how any one wanting service of this kind would be foolish enough to pay the daily's own price for it when the same thing can be got so very much cheaper through the back door controlled by the weakly.



DURING the "season" which has just closed, while football was claiming fifteen victims and the deadly rifle of the hunter laid sixty-six fellow-sportsmen low, automobiles killed just three people. Comparisons are odious and unprofitable; and yet I can not refrain from observing that, seeing their excessive deadliness, the ball and the bullet near got one one-hundredth of the newspaper and legislative lashing that the far less deadly automobile got. Of course we all know that it is the fashion now for the press, the public, the bench and the stage to rail at the automobile; but even so, facts are facts and some figures won't lie—at least the ones I have quoted above don't.



REMEMBER what I told you last issue about how the German motorphobes had our American ones beat a mile at the game of motor baiting. Well, a pendulum never swings always one way, and even in Germany this is true, though I will have to admit that

up to the time this is written I have received no intimation that the pendulum of German motophobia has shown any tendency other than anti-automobile. Example:

Dr. Aronsohn, while automobiling in the Grunewald, in Berlin, drove past Herr Myerhoff, a lawyer, at such a pace and so close that the lawyer declares he was frightened and made ill. Dr. Aronsohn was haled to court, where he was fined 150 marks. In imposing the fine the court held that though the automobile had not touched the lawyer, the shock to his nerves at seeing an automobile rush close by him could be regarded as a "personal injury." Well, what do you think of that?



NOW take the other side of the picture and see how they do in France. No place in the world are there so many automobiles driven so fast and so far as in France, and yet nowhere are accidents more rare. Why? Because France is above all things a country of the present, not one of the past; innovations are welcomed not combated, and conditions are met as they are, not as they might be or as some people think they should be. Example: A pedestrian's dog was killed by an automobile descending the Champs Elysees; its owner sued for \$200 and lost his case, the court deciding he had no right to allow the dog to run loose where it might cause a serious accident to an automobilist, in which case the latter would have a right to sue the owner of the dog. How do you think German and French justice compares after the two examples I have quoted, eh?

LET me tell you something which may have escaped your notice, and that is, the trade of the future is going to be a trade of trade-marks absolutely. The trade-mark is going to supplant the trust, as you can see by the word "Uneeda," which is a greater force than the National Biscuit Company, that controls it. "Sapolio" is bigger than Enoch Morgan's Sons, and "Ivory Soap" transcends Procter & Gamble. The fact that Uneeda Biscuits, Sapolio and Ivory Soap are advertised in magazines is only an incident.

They would live on and on like the brook if all the magazines, which more than any other mediums made them successful, should cease to be printed. But what I am trying to call your attention to is the advisability of first selecting a good name for your car and then eternally, externally and infernally hammering that name into the minds of the public. You all know that the value of a good name is greater than that of fine rubies; then why not get the name, advertise it and make the public satisfied purchasers of your wares at super-ruby price just because you have made them know that your trade-marked name means full value for the price you ask for it? Think that over some of you who think you've got the advertising proposition skinned to death.

ANYBODY can own an automobile nowadays. That is, anybody who has a pull backed by the determination to employ it for the purpose of getting an automobile can. Going up Broadway on a recent pleasant afternoon I saw an individual who in the prodigality of his fur garments made me think that perhaps he was one of Russia's Grand Dukes who had escaped from his home land to this safer and less Nihilistic one. The car in which the animated fur bale was

seated was a bang-up, spic and span high grade car which to you or me or any other fellow not possessed of any pull would have cost not a cent less than \$5,000, and yet I have occasion to know that the grand ducal looking owner only paid \$1,000 for it. How? Well, you see, he's the Editor of a daily paper which rightly or wrongly is by some supposed to be the whole thing when it comes to commanding the attention of the howling swells—that's where the missing \$4,000 comes in. Ever since the Editor got that car at the very liberal discount I have noted the name of the car and of its makers have constantly, in season and out, appeared in the reading columns of the paper in question, regardless of whether any car of the make was within a thousand miles of where it was credited with being driven by this society "pusson" or that. Excellent idea that for the crooked Editor and his guilty accomplice, the shady manufacturer, but how about the poor, deluded, honest maker who pays his good money for space in the Editor's advertising columns and never gets either his name or that of the car he builds mentioned elsewhere?

NO one who knows him can truthfully say that any attempt M. Henri Fournier might make to get his name gratuitously into the public prints would be surprising. So when the gentleman from Paris in his endeavor to temporarily focus the spot light of public attention upon himself during show week caused himself to be arrested for furiously and recklessly driving an automobile down Fifth avenue, there were many who were inclined to comment upon the performance as an example of impertinence and bad taste which merited a more than usual severe rebuke. M. Henri

is too experienced a driver, and one too well acquainted with American laws and prejudices not to have known exactly how he was breaking one and inciting the other when he chose Fifth avenue as a display ground of his ability as a driver and his car's capability as a speed producer. America is more than abundantly provided with foolish gentlemen possessing automobiles and a disregard for all else, and so it does not feel called upon to import any foreign additions to its burden. That M. Henri Fournier should be unable to control his itch for notoriety is, of course, recognized, because without this itch there could be no M. Henri Fournier, but the American people have a right to ask that M. Henri when he seeks a salve for this itch does not procure it at the expense of the American automobile public, which has already suffered too long and too expensively from the affliction of the French chauffeur, who has done more to bring automobiling in this country into disrepute than any and all other causes combined.

WHILE I have this Fournier impertinence upon my mind let me introduce to your kind consideration Mr. John Goodell, as a fair example of what such performances as this one of Fournier's breeds among the crack-brained readers of the sensational papers wherein appears the printed story of the scorcher's chase and arrest. Talesman John Goodell was under examination in the Supreme Court the day following Fournier's exploit as a candidate for the jury box in an accident case. When asked if he had any prejudice against automobiles, he replied, with engaging candor: "Of course I have. They are not only a nuisance, but dangerous to the people. Why, for the last two or three years

there is not a day that some one is not killed by them. I think a law should be passed putting a stop to them."

Thus you see that it is not only the farmers who are radical in their opposition to this, among other modern improvements. No doubt the streets would be much safer than they are if all sorts of vehicles were excluded from them. But it is possible to buy even safety at too high a price, and some day even the Goodells of this world will become aware of this. In the meantime it would be exceedingly interesting to discover which particular brand of mortality tables Mr. Goodell has access to, because I am sure that no one but he is aware of the automobile killing some one every day for the last two or three years. Reduced to figures, Mr. Goodell asserts that within the time he named from 730 to 1095 people have lost their lives from coming in contact with automobiles. Despite Mr. Goodell to the contrary, I do not believe that his deductions from his dope sheet of death are correct, but that a man holding such insane ideas is eligible for jury duty is something to bring more than a passing doubt as to trial by jury being the bulwark of our liberties which Fourth of July orators are so very fond of asserting that it is.

RISKING the chance of being called a heretic by my revered brothers in the field of producing the raw material upon which the ad. solicitor later on seeks to embroider publicity announcements at so much per embroider, I cannot refrain from saying that if I were an automobile manufacturer I would reverse the way advertising is now done. Here is the way the game is played now. The manufacturer after months of special building, design-

ing, decorating, etc., lands in New York with his exhibit and a retinue of spielers, disguised in dinner coats as salesmen, animated information bureaus, demonstrators and what not. Before the manufacturer has hung his hat up in the expensive hotel he is stopping at, before he has uncased those expensive show cars and placed them in the costly bit of costly, decorated and lighted space he has paid for, before any of these things or any others, he is tackled by an army of suave, persistent and persuasive gentlemen who soon cause him to part with his money like a sailor home from a long voyage. These persuaders and what they sell, or what they say they sell, to the manufacturer is publicity—that is to say, advertising; what most of them sell him is a commercial gold brick which, if the manufacturer examines closely, he will find duly labeled "experience."

Now the manufacturer in all this is really but little better than a come-on, and while he may be regarded as an angel and as a perfectly legitimate prey by the sellers of good things, he really is not getting value for his money. The result of the persuaders' efforts and the manufacturers' complacency is that all sorts of publications, some good, but most of them not, become suddenly filled with great advertisements, each trying to outdo the other in the size of space and type employed, and the number and superlativeness of the adjectives used. To the public to catch whose notice and possible trade the whole thing is supposedly done, the effect is similar to being asked to dine at a table entirely filled with three hundred and twenty-seven different varieties of the same kind of pie. No matter how popular the pie might be, nor how much the public favors it, the superabundance of it temporarily kills off all longing for it. In other words, the pos-

sible buyers of automobiles see so many automobile advertisements and such big ones around show time that they read none of them, but go to the show, there to be won or lost, according to the ability of the gentlemen in the dinner coats before mentioned.

Here's where my theory comes in. Were I a manufacturer I'd blow myself on my exhibit and on the class and high ability of my selling and talking brigade, but I'd not throw away a lot of money in show advertising. If the people only come to the show because Smith, Brown and Jones each have a big scare head advertisement in the *Happy Hooligan Review* or the *Grindstone Makers' Gazette*, all well and good; when they do come, if my exhibit and my automobiles are better made, better looking and better talked up, I'll get the trade no matter what foolish advertising Smith, Brown, Jones, et al. may have been persuaded to do. If the people come to the show not from any freak advertisements they may have seen, but because they are interested in automobiles and would like to own one, then I'd have the same chance of landing them as in the other case, and the difference made in my expense account by the money I would save through not being a good thing for the advertising man would mean the profit on a year of highly profitable business. Think it over and forget all about it by the time the next show is on.

—

DID you ever go to one of those old-fashioned country churches when it was in the midst of a revival? Well, if you never did you have something very interesting yet untried. I have been to these affairs in my younger days when we looked upon any variation from the monotony of life in a small community as a blessed relief regardless of what the variation was. To all the

interesting part of these revivals is the experience meeting, wherein various converts take a sanctified delight in getting up and confessing in public what devils they've been in former days. However much you may question the sincerity which prompts this supposed atonement, you cannot fail to learn a whole lot about human nature and its proneness to make mistakes or worse. I was reminded of this inclination of man to unburden the load of his experiences upon his fellow men when they are assembled together by some of the results which came from a little dinner given during show week by the Continental Tire people to the company's distributing agents, who had come from all over this country to be present at the great trade function in Madison Square Garden. It was all like a great big family party, and while shop was tabooed, the amount of real, live, sure enough tire wisdom which flowed freely around the festal board would have been worth a mint of money to the tire user and buyer if either or both could only have been permitted to have heard it.

Some very important questions affecting automobile owners were taken up and thoroughly thrashed out. It was agreed, for example, that for wet asphalt pavements and for winter riding it is advisable to use a non-skidding tire. It was the opinion of the assemblage that throughout the country 75 per cent. of those who use pneumatic tires do not inflate them sufficiently to get the best results from them. This was due to a certain extent to the cheap and ineffective pumps too frequently supplied by the manufacturers. When a good pump, with gauge, is used and the same amount of pounds pressure is put into each of the tires, then the wear on a tire is hardly perceptible; but if the pressure

put into one tire is 65 pounds, while only 40 pounds of pressure is put into the other tire, the one holding only 40 pounds of air is bound to carry the greatest weight of the car. While the American manufacturers at the present time use the same size tires on all a car's wheels, the Continentalists declared it would be far more practical if they used lighter tires for the front wheels and much heavier ones for the rear wheels. The chief objection to doing this is that the user would be obliged to carry two extra shoes when he went out on a tour, but with the Continental repair bandages the meeting agreed that the practice of carrying shoes is no longer necessary. There can't be too many of these experience meetings for the good of all concerned, and Mr. Emil Grossman has set a fashion in inaugurating them which other branches of the trade could follow to their profit and satisfaction.

PERHAPS it is because I am growing old, or rather because I have grown old, that I find myself unable to appreciate the new source from which genius is drawn. Be the cause what it may, the result certainly is that the only example of coal hole genius I have ever seen did not impress me in any other way than to cause me to wish with all my heart that I might be spared ever being forced to encounter another of the same species. My acquaintance with the coal-hole post prandial performer was the result of my having attended the recent supper given by the New York Motor Club at the Hotel Astor, an affair by the by which had all the elements of a thoroughly enjoyable one, except that it was without any exception the worst managed function of its kind I ever had the misfortune to take part in. The truth to tell, it was not managed at all, but was allowed to

struggle along as best it might without guidance from anyone. The guest of the evening was seated at a table which, with perhaps one or two exceptions, had the finest aggregation of nobodies that could have been gotten together if you had spent a life time in making the collection. The fillers in at the table of honor may have been prominent members of the New York Motor Club; but if they were, then the N. Y. M. C. has a future before it which can only be written O. Not to be too severe upon guest tablers, they looked to me like the elite of Flatbush at a soda water counter imagining themselves as being real devilish. I am ashamed to think what a man of the world like Sir Thomas must have thought of New York motorists if he accepted those nearest to him as the very flower of the flock.

In a speech which was about as labored as anything of the kind well could be, the president of the N. Y. M. C. threw a few withered rhetorical poises at his club, progress and a few other inconsequential things, and then did the very best thing he could do, sat down after introducing the guest of the evening, Sir Thomas Dewar. Well, Great Britain never before snatched the tail feathers of supremacy from the American eagle so completely and so easily as it was done on this occasion. The contrast between the introducer and the introduced was so very marked that it was painful. In a speech as witty as it was sincere, Sir Thomas made the hit of the evening and brought the 500 diners to their feet at its close to tell him in song that he was a "jolly good fellow, etc." Hoping against hope and trusting to win out by sheer weight of representatives, the diners awaited the next speaker, who was introduced by the president as the chairman of the N. Y. M. C. Law Committee. The chairman hadn't spoken

a dozen words before the diners knew that the club was sadly in need of a new chairman among the other needs it was suffering from, and before the gentleman had finished introducing himself and explaining his coal-hole origin, everyone but he and the Flatbushers knew that all hope of having America properly or even decently represented was gone. I am not going into the details of this humiliating affair further than to say that I have never seen an honored guest so grossly and so wantonly insulted as Sir Thomas Dewar was by the coal-hole Chairman of the Law Committee of the New York Motor Club, nor have I ever before seen such an insult as that applauded by the distinguished guests at the table of honor as was the case here. I could not have believed it possible, not even of the Flatbush coterie who were guilty of it on this occasion, had I not been a humiliated onlooker at their wild hilarity whenever the coal-hole orator succeeded in landing an extra sooty mark on the guest whom all of the diners except those at the table of honor had assembled to praise, not insult.

Running an automobile business without advertising is a good deal like the old horse which tried to live without eating—before the business gets used to it, it dies.

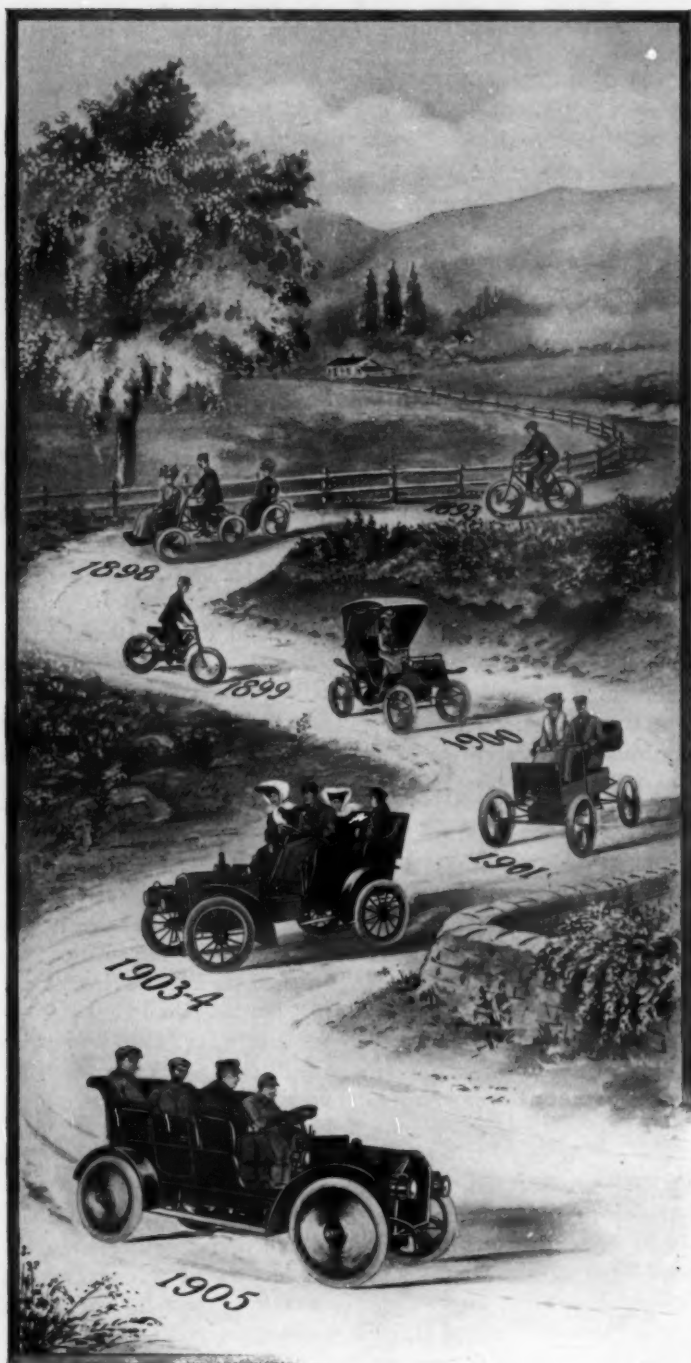
LET this sink deep into your memory—the outsiders are going to have an inning. In other words, the people whose pleasure or whose misfortune, take it as you will, it is to be without Selden sanction have secured “a basic patent” of their own, and perhaps, before this is in print the financial fur will begin to fly in a mercantile Killenny fight which will be interesting, instructive and expensive. I can’t give you more than this tip because I’ve had

to hold the presses to get this paragraph in. Like all the rest of you, I’ve been wondering for a long time if the outsiders were going to sit calmly down and take their little Selden quinine without so much even as a grimace at the dose and the bitterness thereof. Well, they are going to do no such thing, if you’ll take my word for it.

Money makes the mare go, but it takes a goodly supply of dividend-paying stocks and bonds to lubricate the gear of a racing car.

IN the regular order of events the infant first crawls, then stands, walks and eventually runs. Business is but another exemplification of this same idea and seldom, indeed, does any business start off with a rush. Like the child it crawls and creeps, stands and walks, and then if the experience it has gained while doing all of this is the kind to warrant it it rushes ahead and stays ahead. When in the light of the present you look back in the dim obscurity of the past, 1893 seems like a mighty long while ago. In the swift-moving race for mercantile honors it is a period sufficiently great to mark any concern as substantial which for all the years intervening has steadily worked on experimenting, testing, trying out and finding out how to build vehicles wherein no horse power, other than that purely mechanically expressed, should find any place. The illustration on the succeeding page shows how the Waltham Company has done all this and explains, as no number of words could, just why the result of doing so has been the ultimate production of a conveyance which is right because it is born of experience wedded to intelligence.

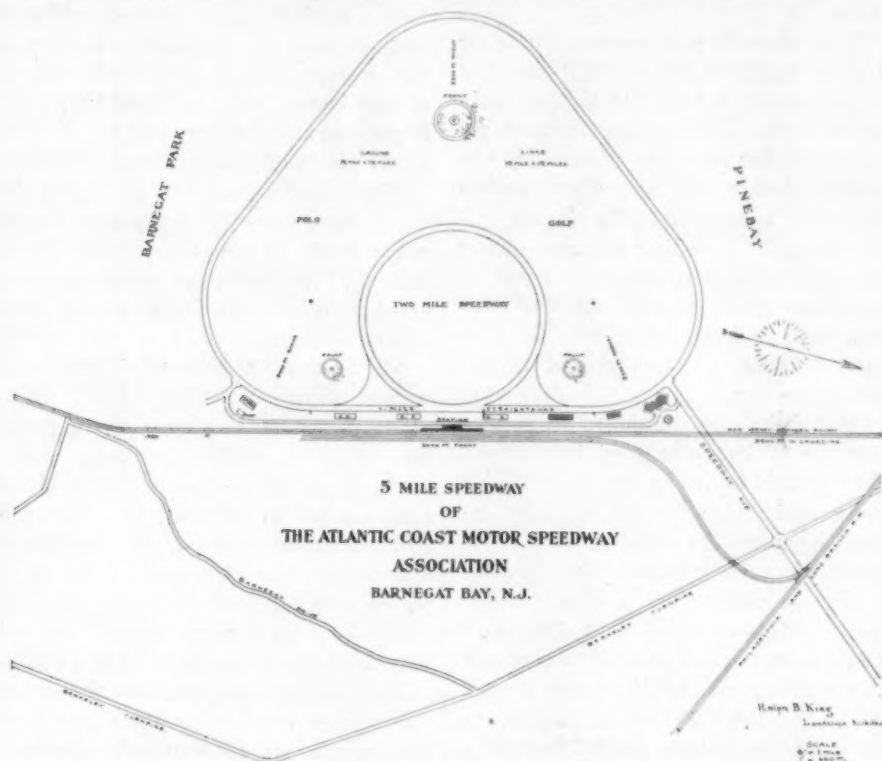
THE OUTSIDER.



Greatest of All Speedways

FOR some time there has existed a need for a real sportsman's resort near to New York and it is the intention of the newly organized Atlantic Coast Motor Speedway Association to exceed even the demand for anything of this kind. To this end the association has purchased more than two thousand acres, near Barnegat Bay on

side of the triangle a straight mile course, each turn having a radius of two thousand feet. The plans call for a large grand stand, a club house, an inn, garages, repair shop, etc. The finest yacht club and boat house on the coast will be built on the property of the club on Barnegat Bay, from which point a motor boat course will be es-



the New Jersey Southern Railroad, and the Philadelphia and Long Branch Railroad, twelve miles south of Lakewood. The site is an ideal one for an all-the-year-round resort, being a plateau in the midst of a great pine forest, having an elevation of fifty feet above tide-water. The triangular speedway shown in the plans will be one hundred and twenty feet in width and five miles in circumference. There will be on each

side of the triangle a straight mile course, each turn having a radius of two thousand feet. The plans call for a large grand stand, a club house, an inn, garages, repair shop, etc. The finest yacht club and boat house on the coast will be built on the property of the club on Barnegat Bay, from which point a motor boat course will be es-

T. S. K.

Taking on a New Car

By Vincent R. Samms

NOW comes the time when the experienced motorist begins to study the problem of what his next season's car shall be, while the about-to-be motorist is even more deeply worried by the same question. To both these perhaps these suggestions, or may be they are only reminders, may not prove amiss.

Even when the purchaser of a new car is not a novice at the game, it does not by any means follow that he has nothing to learn. His old and his new car may be of the same type and similar in general design, but there are always sure to be a number of details that differ, and it is these that the new owner must study carefully and master, if he wishes to guard against running into trouble, as he is almost sure to do if he starts off with only a superficial inspection of the car.

One of the chief things to study in a new car is its system of lubrication, which should be free and plentiful, with due consideration for the troubles induced by excessive supply to the cylinder. This usually causes rapid fouling of ignition points; but a new cylinder generally lets more oil past the piston at first than it will eventually do after a little running, so the oil supply should not be cut down too much, because of this symptom unless it continues after the car has been thoroughly "shaken down" by use.

All important nuts and bolts should be scrutinized after a run, especially those supporting detached parts of the mechanism, such as the silencer, carbureter, piping, pumps, etc., not, of course, omitting those of the steering and brakes. It is not always superfluous to verify the freedom of gasoline, water and lubricating oil pipes from ob-

structions arising from dirt or waste left in the tanks.

Coming to the novice, he may find the following résumé of operations useful in the starting of his car, it being impossible, of course, to include here all variations necessary with some types. First, fill the gasoline tank, using a funnel with a strainer. Next, fill the water tank and see that the tap at the bottom of the water system is closed. Fill all grease boxes, see that axle boxes are lubricated and that the gear box is plentifully supplied with lubricant. For this a thin grease, or mixture of grease and oil, is best; if too thick the gear wheels cut a track in it without oiling themselves. The addition of a few ounces of good graphite is beneficial in most cases.

Fill all drip or other lubricators with a good motor oil, not too thick to travel along the pipes, and see that the crank case of the motor has its charge of the same, and that the steering pivots and chains are also attended to. Turn on and adjust lubricators. Put on brake and see that change speed lever is in out-of-gear position. Also that tires are pumped up hard, as otherwise you will have both trouble and discomfort result.

Turn starting handle to see that compression is good, then open gasoline tap, switch on current and start the motor, adjusting mixture if necessary. In case of failure to start, see if gasoline reaches the carbureter; if so, whether the inlet valve sticks; then seek for cause of failure in ignition. Do not try to start with gasoline tap, throttle or the switch turned off; it has often been attempted, but seldom succeeds. Drop in your clutch or its representative—gently, and try the brakes in the same manner.

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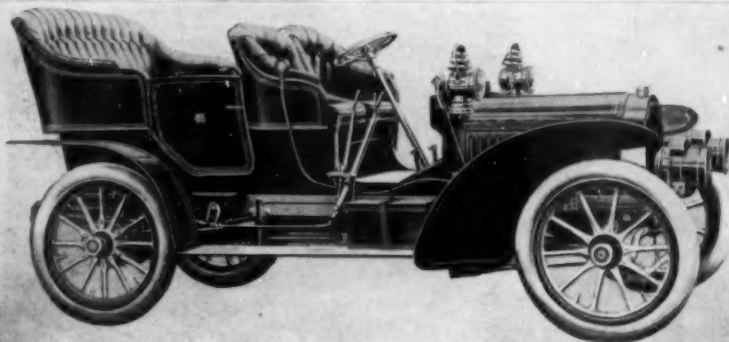
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